

MAR 14 1922

COUNTRY LIFE

PRICE
TWO SHILLINGS

ROYAL WEDDING NUMBER

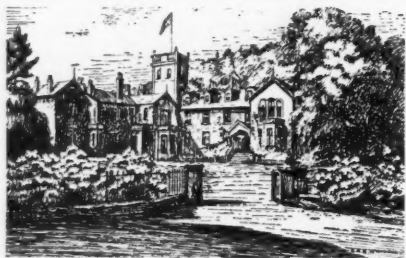
FEBRUARY 25TH
1922



THE LIBRARY. CHESTERFIELD HOUSE

Where to Stay

SCOTTISH AND COUNTRY RESORTS



ALLAN WATER HOTEL.

ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL,
PITLOCHRY, PERTSHIRE.
No finer Hotel in Scotland. Grounds 40 Acres.
FIVE LAWN TENNIS COURTS, CROQUET, Etc.
GARAGE 40 CARS.
Telegrams: "PALACE." Telephone: 66.



ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL.

ALLAN WATER HOTEL,
BRIDGE OF ALLAN,
near STIRLING.
LARGE GARDEN.
LAWN TENNIS, CROQUET, Etc. GARAGE.
Telegrams: "BRALLAN." Telephone: 148.



CALEDONIAN STATION HOTEL EDINBURGH

(Under the Management of the
Caledonian Railway Company)
Showing the Castle, Princes
Street, and Gardens.



250 BEDROOMS 70 BATHROOMS
GARAGE NEAR HOTEL.

Souvenir and Tariff on application to A. MORRIS, Manager.

**MOUTH,
OWER HOTEL.**
lands extending to
Garage. Golf.

of Wight.
First-class. Beauti-
ful situation. Excellent Cuisine and
Views. Apply Proprietor.

EDINBURGH.

The North British Station Hotel,
Finest Hotel in Scotland. First-class
Cuisine. Tel. Add: British, Edinburgh.

ST. YARMOUTH—QUEEN'S HOTEL

Finest position on the Marine Parade.
Facing the Pier and Gardens.
FINE NEW LOUNGE. NEW MOTOR GARAGE.
R.A.C. A.A. Hotel. 100 rooms.
Yachting on the Norfolk Broads.
Illustrated Tariff and Free W. H. NIGHTINGALE.

PAIGINTON.

The Redcliffe Hotel occupies finest
position in Torbay. 100 rooms. Good
Golf and Motor centre. Phone 133.

SOUTHPORT. SUNNYSIDE

MANSIONS HOTEL.
Noted for Cuisine and Comfort. Bathroom.
Telegrams: "Comfort." Telephone: 501.

THE GROVE, TORQUAY

Within two minutes Strand Medical Baths,
Pavilion, etc.
**LATEST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL PRIVATE
HOTEL ON ENGLISH RIVIERA.**
"Every Prospect Pleases."

HINDHEAD (HASLEMERE, SURREY)

BEACON HOTEL. Phone: 7
First-class. Large Grounds. Grand Scenery.
Nearest Golf Links. South Suites.

GRAND HOTEL, MUNDESLEY, NORFOLK.

THE LEADING HOTEL, nearest to Golf
Links, and two minutes from Beach.
Finest Position, with superb views of Sea
and Country.

BALLROOM. BILLIARDS. GARAGE
Apply Proprietor.

Telegrams: "Luxury, Edinburgh."

BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO
HOTEL COMFORT WITH HYDRO
BATHS, MASSAGE.
Overlooking Bay, West Cliff. Tel. 341.

CARLETON GREEN, HOLMROOK CUMBERLAND

BOARD RESIDENCE (for a few people
only). Near Eskdale and Wastdale, Sea-
scale. GOLF LINKS 3 miles. Excellent
cuisine. SHOOTING, FISHING AND
GOOD GARAGE. Terms on application.
References if required.

KENMORE HOTEL, LOCH TAY.

Ideal Health Resort; MOTORING, MOUNTAIN-
CLIMBING, SALMON AND TROUT FISHING
on Loch Tay and River Tay. Tariff on
application.

The Beach Hotel, Littlehampton.

This First-class Hotel occupies a
unique position, standing in its
own grounds of several acres
directly facing the sea and south.
The sporting 18-hole Golf Links
are within 10 minutes from the
Hotel. It constitutes an ideal
residence for all seasons.

G. S. STACEY, Manager

Telephone: 55 LITTLEHAMPTON.

CROMER CLIFTONVILLE HOTEL

Beautifully situated on the West Cliff.
Overlooking Sea and favourite Cliff Promenade.
PASSENGER LIFT. MOTOR GARAGE.

Telegrams: "CLIFTONVILLE, CROMER."
Telephone: No. 154.

Apply Proprietor.

LONDON.

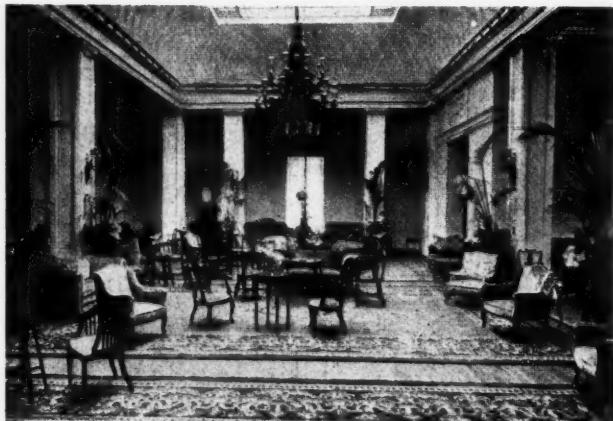
Position unrivalled in

LONDON

THE

LANGHAM HOTEL

PORTLAND PLACE, W.1



THE LOUNGE, AS RECENTLY RECONSTRUCTED

MAGNIFICENT LOUNGE AND DELIGHTFUL
RECEPTION ROOMS for WEDDINGS and DINNERS

Moderate Tariff

Central for Luncheons and Afternoon Teas

Telegrams: LANGHAM, LONDON.

Telephone: LANGHAM 2080

Llandrindod Wells

AN IDEAL RESORT
FOR SPRING.

YE WELLS HOTEL

The Principal Unlicensed Hotel.

TWO ELECTRIC LIFTS.
GOOD GARDENS.

Two Hard Tennis Courts.
Croquet Lawns.

Near two good Golf Courses.

Apply W. BRYAN SMITH.

LLANGOLLEN, HAND HOTEL.

One of the best in North Wales.

GARAGE FOR 30 CARS
ATTACHED TO HOTEL.
Telephone: No. 7.

JAMES S. SHAW, Resident Proprietor.

MADEIRA.

REIDS' PALACE HOTEL

SEASON SEPT. TO JUNE.

Orchestra

Illustrated Pamphlet Free.

Agents:

PARSONS & BIRKETT
149, Fenchurch Street

HARROGATE.—CAIRN HYDRO.

First-class; finest position; near Pump
Room, Baths and Golf Links. Baths.
Orchestra.

GARDENING FOR BEGINNERS

A HANDBOOK TO THE GARDEN.
By E. T. GOK.
17/6 net; by post 18/6
Published at the Offices of "COUNTRY
LIFE," 29 Tavistock St., Covent G.

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. LI.—No. 1312.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25th, 1922.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS, POSTAGE EXTRA.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



ALICE HUGHES.

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY.

104, Ebury Street, S.W.1.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2

Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON; Tele. No.: GERRARD 2748.

Advertisements: 8-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2; Tele. No.: REGENT 760.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: H.R.H. Princess Mary	225
Education and the Country. (Leader)	226
Country Notes	227
Sea-Gifts, by M. G. Meugens	227
Good-Bye, February, by Grace James	228
Princess Mary's Bridesmaids. (Illustrated)	229
Westminster Abbey and the Princess's Marriage, by the Dean of Windsor. (Illustrated)	230
The Bride and Bridegroom. (Illustrated)	234
Chesterfield House, Mayfair.—I, by H. Aray Tipping. (Illus.)	235
Princess Mary's Yorkshire Home. (Illustrated)	242
Country Home: Harewood House, by H. Aray Tipping. (Illus.)	243
An Anthology of Letters	248
Coloured Supplement: Winter Hunting on Exmoor, Illustrated by Lionel Edwards	249
The Chesterfield House Collection of Pictures, by Dr. Tancred Borenius. (Illustrated)	257
The Bramham Moor Hunt. (Illustrated)	260
The Sojourner in Delleen Pool, by F. E. Clifton. (Illustrated)	263
The Horse—A Weapon, by Major-General Sir J. Moore, K.C.M.G., C.B., F.R.C.V.S.	265
Nature Photographs. (Illustrated)	266
The Burdett-Coutts China: A Reminiscence. (Illustrated)	270
A Knight, by Anne F. Brown	272
Correspondence	273
"The Geddes Axe" and Forestry (A. D. Webster); Starlings and Foot and Mouth Disease (Dr. Walter E. Collinge); Elephants in Mysore (D. C. Stokes); A Plague of Flies (J. H. Thorpe); Sheep-shearing; A Derelict Dockyard of the Eighteenth Century (E. M. Harting); Golf in Richmond Park; A Gazebo in Danger; Shrovetide (H. Thoburn-Clarke); Crossbills (F. L. Govett); Shropshire Air; Country Life in Andalusia (R. F. Meredith)	275
Some Notes on the Mantion Stud. (Illustrated)	276
Topping as a Fine Art, by Bernard Darwin	278
The Lesser Country Houses of To-day: Twatling Farm, Barnet Green, Birmingham, by R. Randall Phillips. (Illustrated)	280
Decoration of Country Houses, by Basil Ionides. (Illustrated)	282
Old Bow Porcelain, by W. G. Thomson. (Illustrated)	284
A Shovelboard Table, at Astley Hall, Lancashire, and Other Furniture, by Christopher Hussey. (Illustrated)	288
The Mission of the Player-piano and Gramophone	289
The Old-fashioned Garden	290
The Evolution of the Épergne, by Christopher Hussey. (Illustrated)	292
Shooting Notes, by Max Baker. (Illustrated)	ci.
The Estate Market	ci.
Furniture of the Merrie Monarch's Reign, by D. Van de Goote. (Illustrated)	cii.
Coachbuilders and Motor Cars. (Illustrated)	civ.
The Automobile World. (Illustrated)	cvi.
The Royal Trouseau. (Illustrated)	cxxii.
Adequate Life Assurance	cxxviii.
Topics of To-day. (Illustrated)	cxxx.

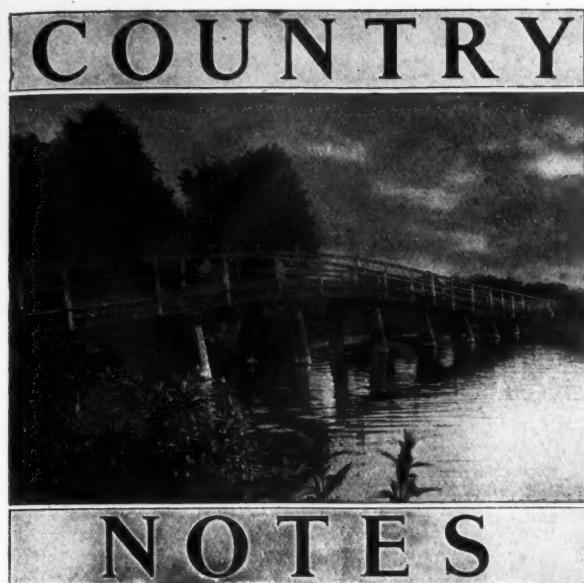
EDUCATION AND THE COUNTRY

IT is worthy of remark that, except in interested circles, consisting mostly of schoolmasters, no indignation has been felt or, at any rate, expressed at the severe educational cuts put forward in the Geddes' Report. Many journalists, it is true, have written with great violence, trying to represent the proposed economies in education as a sacrifice of the children; but no one is impressed. The fact is that very few writers or speakers have dared to discuss the truth about the whole matter. It is, that Mr. Fisher's Act did not strike the public imagination at all. It did not catch the eye like Forster's Act in 1870, when the electorate were fired by the notion of the whole of the children of the country being educated. That was a great step forward and it received a hearty popular support. Mr. Fisher's Act has not had that great quality, and it would be well for the health of the community if they would ask why. There are many answers, the chief one being

that there is no march forward as there was in Mr. Forster's scheme. Nor is there any attempt to clear away the confusion that now exists in our educational system and build a structure that everyone could see in his mind and that would produce an education for the whole country. What was done in the Act was for the most part to furbish up the old and make it look like new. On the whole, it was what one might call cobbler's work, patching and mending, whereas there is demanded, at the present time, a complete clearing away of the educational system and a re-building of one that will last fifty or one hundred years at least. The calm of the crowd may be described as mere indifference, but the calm of those who are thinking deeply of the educational requirements of this country rises from a certain satisfaction that time will be given for ideas now in the egg to be brooded over and hatched. No one is likely to dispute this who has considered how the mental needs of mankind have pushed out and grown in many different directions, and how little they are met by a system of education that cannot be patched into a satisfactory whole. In 1870 the ideal aimed at was simply that every English boy and girl should be taught the three R's—reading, writing and arithmetic. It was a simple formula, but easily apprehended at a time when children were sent to work from mere infancy and stood to be deprived of the chance of using the golden period of youth for educational purposes. If they tried to redeem their loss by a night-school or other sort of study, one among a thousand might succeed, but for the rest it was too difficult.

During the half-century that has elapsed since then the world has altered a great deal, although not invariably in the direction of progress. The readers brought into being by myriads have not always used their accomplishment to advantage. For a long time what they read most widely was a type of fiction that they would have been very much better not to have read at all. Yet there are signs that this was but a stepping-stone to higher things. For example, if one takes any of the series of cheap reprints that now command the custom of a very large world, many of these books sell by thousands and some by hundreds of thousands. No one would pretend that they are all good literature, but, at the same time, no one could deny that, on the whole, they are very much superior to the sensational fiction that used to be published in the cheaper London journals twenty to thirty years ago. There has been an advance in literary taste and intelligence. It would be easy to demonstrate that an equal advance has been made in many other directions. Let anyone compare the so-called scientific books that were written in popular style in the 'eighties and 'nineties of last century with such a publication as "The Outline of History," by Mr. H. G. Wells, or "The Outline of Science," edited by Professor J. A. Thomson, and he will have to admit of the great advance in taste and education that has been produced. Both of these works appeal to a popular audience, but to a popular audience in the mid-'eighties of last century they would have been absolutely unintelligible. One might go further and show the more scientific conditions under which every individual of the present time lives. In travel, light, as well as in work, he is constantly obtaining the benefits of inventions that were not then available, and anyone who listens to the conversation, even of those who obviously belong to the lower ranks of life, will learn that they are not ignorant of even the details of the machinery and appliances which they have been taught to use. They have a keen interest in applied science.

What we are trying to demonstrate is that the child of to-day learns in an atmosphere altogether different from that which prevailed during the latter half of the nineteenth century. The time has come to draw up a scheme of education more suitable to the national needs, and it should be really National. There are far too many varieties of school; far too many diversified curricula; far too little understanding of what is and what is not possible in the earlier and more primitive years of life. It is not at all a bad thing that a breathing space has been afforded which is capable of being utilised to formulate an educational policy far in advance of anything we have known.



THIS week's number is dedicated to the marriage of the Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles. It will appear a few days before the ceremony is performed, and our readers will be all the more interested to see those parts of our great Abbey which will shortly have added another notch to the long historic record. That is assuredly true of the union of the young and beautiful Princess to the eldest son of one of our great landed families. On the principle that "None but the brave deserve the fair," the Princess may be congratulated on having chosen a husband whose deeds on the field of battle are as great in our day as were those of the Knights of the Round Table in the time of King Arthur. A great deal of interest, especially feminine interest, is felt also in Goldsborough Hall, the beautiful Yorkshire home near Knaresborough, which will be the country house of the young couple. We have made Harewood House the house of the week. It stands in the finely wooded park of two thousand acres which encloses the ruins of the Norman-built Harewood Castle. The town house will be Chesterfield House, purchased from the Dowager Lady Burton in the autumn of 1919 by Viscount Lascelles. It is a famous Mayfair mansion standing in South Audley Street. The house was built in 1749 for the fourth Earl of Chesterfield, he who wrote the famous letters to his son and godson. It is a noble house and worthy of the married couple who will make it their town residence. It would seem almost impossible to wish the Princess Mary more than she has obtained. Wealth, health, beauty and a joyous, buoyant spirit are all hers for her husband, Viscount Lascelles, to treasure and maintain. He will remember that youth and beauty pass away, and happiness, to be permanent, must be based on the heart and the understanding.

"THE International Labour Review' for February publishes some notes about emigration from Germany which are curiously interesting, though not surprising. According to the head of the Emigration Department, it is "the fear of every German that in the future he will be able to find neither suitable work, nor dwelling, nor peace which can withstand the necessity of emigration." Of those who are going abroad 56 per cent. were salaried employés. It would appear that to the German the United States do not offer so much temptation as South America, Brazil and the Argentine being first in interest. One of the German papers notes "that, apart from Mexico, certain Central and South American States, the Dutch East Indies, and a few neutral countries in Europe, German immigration is restricted by political factors as well as by the present industrial depression."

IT is a curious fact that at this moment when unemployment is pressing its ugly weight on every nation of the world, those which are most quickly overcoming it are such as have a peasantry at work on the land, or, rather,

we may say, a peasantry owning the land. In France the figures are very remarkable indeed. The number of unemployed decreased by more than 70 per cent. during the year 1921. Only 10,837 were registered on December 23rd, 1921, as against 39,522 at the end of December, 1920. This is attributed to the peasant proprietary system in France. More people than ever got back to the land, and there is every incentive to put work into it, inasmuch as the peasant-proprietor receives himself the profit for which he works. In Belgium for practically the same reason there is very little unemployment. Here, again, is a country which is as much agricultural as it is industrial; in fact, the two populations almost balance one another. The industrial population numbers 1,130,000, and engaged in agriculture there are 1,102,244 persons. There, too, the ownership of land is widely dispersed over many little holdings and some large holdings, with the result that in a time of scarcity such as that we are going through there is a call on every pair of hands. Denmark, again, has a system of small ownerships and no unemployment to speak of. Germany might be taken as another example. It is the fixed policy of that country at the present moment to raise its own food as far as possible, so as to avoid the terrific price due to the low exchange, and consequently there is a very great call to the land, which is finding work for many who would otherwise be unemployed.

SEA-GIFTS.

The sea sends gifts from the land of fay
For the sea king's daughter's bridal day.

White frills of foam for the wedding gown,
Jewels of bubbles strung
On threads of sunlight, with clasps of pearl,
Straight from a wave crest flung.
A cloak of the blue of summer seas,
Shot with pale tints of green;
Lined with the mist of the early dawn,
Pink of the faintest sheen.
A gossamer veil of twilight strewn
With stars that peep and hide,
And shoes of the silver moonbeam stuff
Which lies on the rippling tide.

Packed in a chest of mother-of-pearl,
Borne by white horses swift—
The sea king's daughter will hold the key
Of the old sea's bridal gift.

M. G. MEUGENS.

SURELY, the manuscript of a book seldom has had a history as lively as that attached to the new Byron Letters which have just been published by John Murray. Originally they were the property of Lord Broughton, better known as John Cam Hobhouse, Byron's friend and executor. From him they passed into the possession of his daughter, Lady Dorchester. Mr. Murray made Lady Dorchester's acquaintance in 1876 or 1877, and was in very frequent communication with her about these papers, of which she contemplated editing and publishing a selection. This went on till 1914, when she died without carrying out her purpose. In 1877 Lady Dorchester induced Mr. Murray to copy some three hundred of the letters which she did not like to entrust to a stranger, but Mr. Murray married, and a journey abroad forced him to hand over the completion of the task to another copyist, who has since died. Lady Dorchester meant to have left the papers to the late Lord Lovelace, but when he published "Astarte," a book of which she disapproved, she changed her mind, and his death in 1906 put an end to that project. Eventually, by a codicil in her will, she left the letters to Mr. Murray. So, by a very roundabout road, they came to their most appropriate custodian.

PROFESSOR THOMSON, at the Royal Society of Arts, gave an interesting lecture last week on that most puzzling of bird problems—migration. He referred to the Aberdeen Bird Migration Inquiry, which showed that birds returned to their birthplace of the year before. He instanced a swallow to which a numbered ring was

attached in 1912, but, of course, this experiment has been carried out thousands of times by children attaching a piece of scarlet or other string to the leg of one of the swallows that frequent the house or the farm buildings. It was interesting to find that aviation is correcting some of the views that used to be held on ornithology, as, for example, the height at which the migrating bird flies. It used to be given as ten thousand feet, but it is doubtful even if high-flying birds like the crane, stork and wild goose reach a height of more than three thousand feet. The common lark was observed by an airman at six thousand feet, and that appears to be the highest altitude recorded. Strangest of all the facts connected with migration, however, is that young birds, left behind, after their elders have returned to their autumn and winter haunts, find their way over seas and continents though they are travelling for the first time. "Inherited instinct" is the phrase used in the explanation, but it is vague and needs to be analysed. The foundation question seems to be whether the birds that come to this country on migration once were natives and were driven away by a change from the high temperature that prevailed at a stage in the development of the earth.

OF particular interest to young architects is the exhibition at Burlington House of the designs submitted for the Prix de Rome. The subject this year was a riverside restaurant, for which twelve hours was given for the rough draft and thirty days for the finished plans and elevations. Out of thirteen candidates nine have been selected for the final competition, and of that nine no fewer than eight are of Liverpool University. Their success reflects enormous credit on Professor C. H. Reilly, who is professor of architecture at Liverpool, and in return we suspect that his pupils reflect his own bright light, for there is a startling similarity of *motif* in all the Liverpool designs, though the treatment varies from the *mauresque* to Wren at his most simple. A comparison of the various treatments affords half an hour's very pleasant occupation even to the layman, and gives him some insight into the various schools of architecture represented—namely, Leeds, Manchester and Brisbane—besides Professor Reilly's young men.

THE Parliamentary election at Clayton, Manchester, may be described as a non-political event, even though it resulted in a turnover of eight thousand votes in favour of the Labour candidate. The truth of the matter seems to be that the country regards the report of the Geddes Committee on economy as a very great production. It shows that Sir Eric Geddes and his collaborators have a very firm grasp of the situation and could effect these economies if required to do so. On the other hand, there is, quite naturally, an inclination on the part of all the separate departments of the Government to whittle down these proposals or protest that every other department is more suitable for an operation with the axe than the one to which the speaker belongs. This will not get us very far, however. The proposal has seized the popular imagination and efforts to prevent the economies being effected are looked upon as selfish and unpatriotic. Obviously, more elections are likely to be decided in the same way unless boldness in carrying out economy is equal to the boldness in suggesting how it can be effected.

THE future of wheat is, naturally, occupying a great place in the thoughts alike of the consumer and the farmer. The latter a little while ago was nearly heartbroken because the wheat outlook seemed to him so thoroughly unsatisfactory. Now things are different. Prices are hardening, and shrewder minds are beginning to see that there is a probability of high prices next year. The probability is, indeed, almost a certainty. The fall in price in the autumn was in no sense due to lack of demand, but to shortness of purchasing power. As far as one can judge from history, this shortness of cash ought to begin to disappear at once. Every country is doing its best to increase wealth and provide a surplus for the purchase of foreign food. Then the supply of the world is greatly limited by the state of Russia, a huge producing country, and of Austria, another large producer. To put the matter shortly, a great deal of expert opinion holds that next year prices will rise

because the demand for wheat will be greater from those countries which are proceeding slowly but surely with the work of reconstruction.

ARTISTS are given to complaining bitterly of their lack of opportunity, especially in youth, but a number of efforts are being made to lessen, if not to remove, this handicap. The Royal Academy promises an exhibition at the beginning of next year to promote the study of sculpture and decoration by painting. That is one chance for the young artist. The London County Council and the Empire Exhibition are offering wall spaces on which the artists may experiment. Mr. Thomas Colcott has organised a prize competition for designs for a business building in which permanent colour is to be a feature. The young artist may, therefore, regard the future as a lucky-bag full of prizes for his taking.

ON Tuesday the Shire Horse Show was opened at the Agricultural Hall in weather that might have had a bad effect on the number of visitors in any other town except London, where it is possible to go almost anywhere under the cover of a public or private vehicle. It is an excellent Show, and its chief characteristic is the non-appearance of many of the great winners, such as the King's Field Marshal V, and the inclusion of many young horses that have not previously made a public appearance. They are sure to attract a great deal of notice, and, in any case, afford gratifying proof that breeding has been going on very steadily. The number and quality of the entries afford evidence that, in spite of all rivalry, the Shire still maintains its position as the best of our cart-horses. Its weight, appearance and shape still commend it to agriculturists who, for the most part, have to deal with a heavy clay soil. Also it is the best available for heavy railway work such as occurs frequently at stations, and for dray work. In spite of the greater use of mechanical haulage, there is no sign of the Shire losing its popularity.

GOOD-BYE, FEBRUARY!

Not a sigh, not a tear . . .
No woman dies here.
What is lost,
With the snow and the frost
And the wild
Wind, is a child!
Not dead,
Only wed,
Still—she's fled . . .
(Oh the white night, and the stir in the fold,
The wakeful shepherd's lantern, and the cold
Moon!)

You marry too soon,
My dear
Young, untouched, most virginal year!
All birds will sing
When you mate with the Spring
Your lover,
But the snowdrops will be over.

GRACE JAMES.

THE railway companies are receiving a sharp lesson in the bad economy of high railway fares. It is very common nowadays to see the first-class carriages utterly empty, except, indeed, where season tickets are used between London and the distant suburbs and the towns within a short run of London. The number of first-class tickets shows a falling away on every railway in the country. First-class season tickets are falling in the same direction. On the South-Eastern and Chatham, where second-class carriages are still run, there is a decline in the number of passengers correspondent to the decline in the first-class passengers. Of course, there is a difficulty in assigning to this change its absolutely true cause. Probably there are various contributing causes. The depression of trade naturally reacts upon the railways in various ways. When business is depressed and railway fares are excessively high, it is no wonder that there is a falling off in the amount of business done, and the companies, unless they are prepared for great losses, will have to adjust their fares and take steps to speed up both the passenger and the goods traffic.

PRINCESS MARY'S BRIDESMAIDS



Va dyk.
LADY MAY CAMBRIDGE.



A Corbett.
H.R.H. PRINCESS MAUD.



Alice Hughes.
LADY DIANA BRIDGEMAN.



B. Park.
LADY MARY THYNNE.



B. Park.
LADY DORIS GORDON-LENNOX.



Speaight.
LADY VICTORIA CAMBRIDGE.



B. Park.
LADY ELISABETH BOWES-LYON.



Bassano.
LADY RACHEL CAVENDISH.

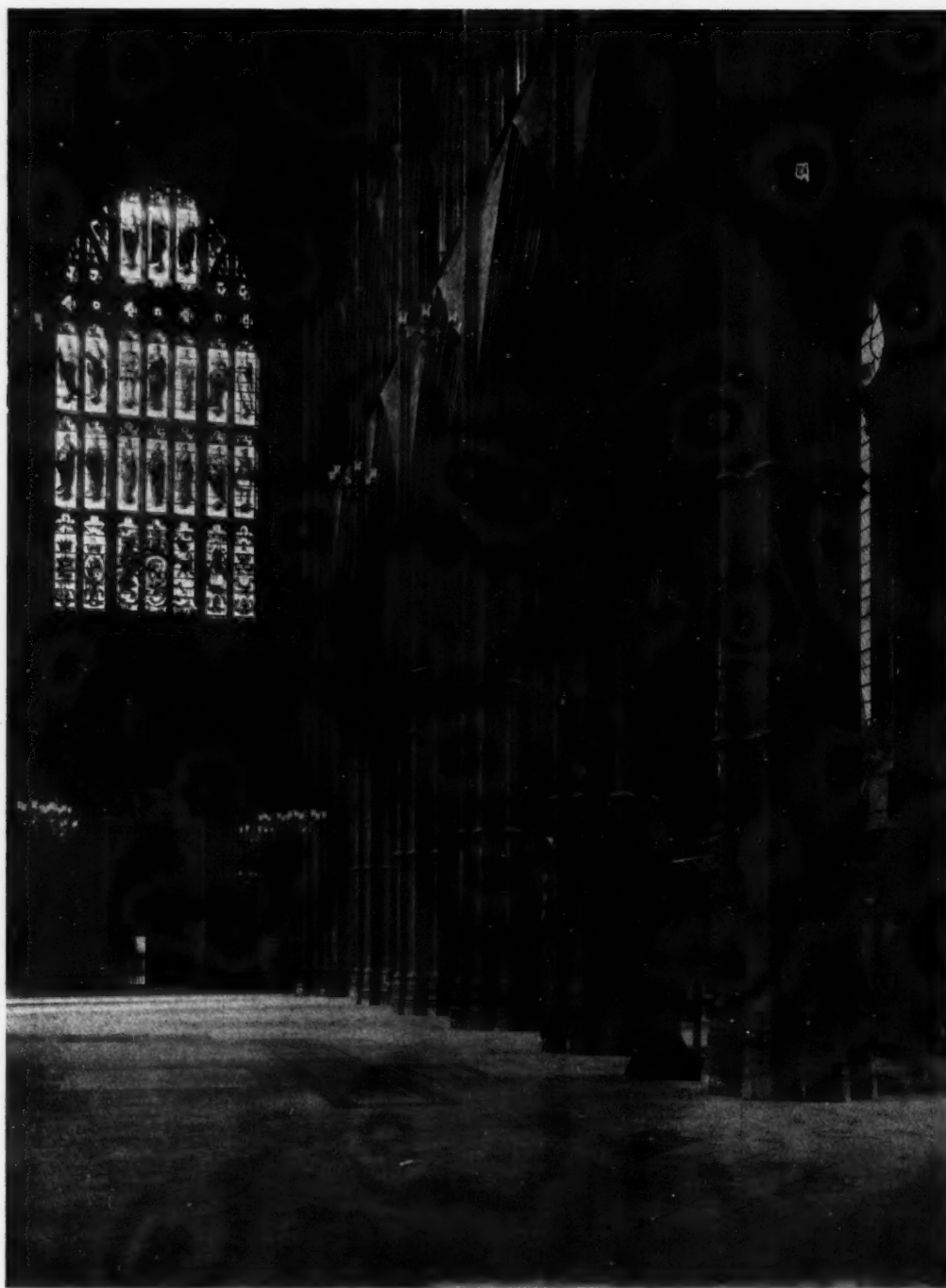
WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND THE PRINCESS'S MARRIAGE

BY THE DEAN OF WINDEOR.

TILL now the more intimate events in the lives of our sovereigns and their children, such as their marriages and christenings, have been celebrated in the semi-privacy of the Royal chapels. But Queen Victoria inaugurated a new and more personal relation between Crown and people by the way in which she enlisted her people's sympathy into all the joys and sorrows of her home life. The war has still further drawn them together. Workshop and hospital, philanthropic worker and man or woman bound in the whirl of industrial life in all parts of the land have seen and felt kinship with that simple, unaffected, intelligent family who, in unwearying devotion to duty, in sympathy for every need or interest of the nation's life, in knowledge and understanding of the problems of the homes of the people, in the unity and happiness of their own home life, have stood out as the model of the English family in the stress of these sad years. We saw that they could work

and sympathise and suffer with us, and we love to see that they can enjoy themselves, that they can joyously compete in the sports and games that English people love. The link of sympathy has become a very close and personal one.

Among the family none has caught the imagination of the nation more than our Princess. She was seen first a quiet, shy, very English-looking girl, always in the wake of her parents in all the multifarious activities of their lives. Then, gradually, we have seen her taking a place of her own, finding for herself new points of touch with the people's life. Still shy, not with an awkward or self-conscious shyness, but with the shyness of a modest, humble simplicity, gracious in her kindliness and intelligent in the reality of her interest. Her marriage is, therefore, no mere family event, but a national interest, not because it has a political or official significance, but just because the nation loves her and wants to see her happy.



Frederick H. Evans.

Copyright "Country Life."

THE WEST DOOR, THROUGH WHICH THE BRIDE WILL ENTER THE ABBEY.

The new precedent which celebrates the marriage in the Mother Church of the land is, therefore, an instinctive recognition of a real development in national life and feeling.

Let us wander through this old Mother Church. There we shall find the spirit of all English history. We look up and our spirit is solemnized by the calm mystic dignity. The architecture whispers of the Heavenly presence and the

no building in France equal to Westminster Abbey." It is fortunate that the church which is the epitome of English life should be so beautiful and so inspiring. But it is also true to the realities of English history that the focus of English life should be in a church, for in no country is the history of the secular and religious life so inextricably interwoven. But this is not the only characteristic of English life we can trace here. The Abbey



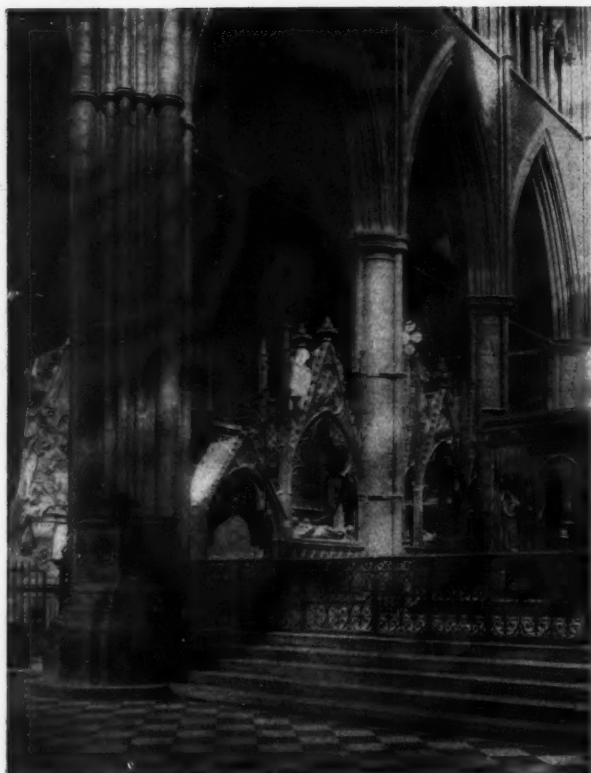
Frederick H. Evans.

THE HIGH ALTAR, WHERE THE MARRIAGE WILL BE SOLEMNIZED.

Copyright "Country Life."

aspiration of the human soul after fellowship with the Divine, the nearness of the spiritual to the human in life. No building in the world, perhaps, gives this feeling, the essential expression of Gothic architecture, more perfectly. The great architect, Mr. Bodley, once said to the writer: "I think French Gothic the most perfect Gothic in the world, but I think that there is

tells of the relation of the Crown to the people. Our kings do not lie apart as in France. They have drawn round them every phase of English life in every age. Again, it is noteworthy that it is not the kings who have been conspicuous for ability as soldiers, or administrators or law-givers who have been regarded with the most veneration—not Henry II or Edward III.



THE SANCTUARY FROM THE CHOIR-CROSSING.



SOUTH AMBULATORY: LOOKING EAST.

*Frederick H. Evans.*

THE SOUTH CORNER OF HENRY VII'S CHAPEL.

*Copyright "Country Life."*

THE CONFESSOR'S CHAPEL. STAIRCASE ON THE NORTH SIDE.

but the Confessor and Henry VI, men who were failures in the ordinary gifts of kingship. Their personal qualities of purity and piety drew to them the reverence of the nation; and in later times it was the personal character of Charles I which inspired the romantic veneration of his name. While again, the great work which Queen Victoria did in re-establishing the prestige of the Crown was not wrought by her abilities, great as they were, so much as by the simple purity and dignity of her character shown in her home life. England loves to see in its sovereigns the ideals of its own life. That is why Edward the Confessor drew round his shrine the sovereigns who followed him, and why Henry VII chose Henry VI and not the warrior Henry V, as the starting point of the dignity and stability of his new dynasty.

So there behind the altar lies the pure, visionary Confessor, and round him cluster the kings that followed him. Round them again clusters the life of the nation. The tendency was not so strong in feudal days, for each feudal magnate founded a religious centre for his own domain and was laid in his own foundation. But even then many were laid near their kings in noble Gothic monuments. But when feudalism died and the new England began with the Tudors the call of the Abbey became irresistible. There lie the statesmen, soldiers, poets, adventurers of the spacious days of great Elizabeth; the subjects of that gallery of portraits which Clarendon painted in the romantic days of the Stuarts; the strong, stern men of the Commonwealth; the men and women with whom we can walk and talk in the pages of Pepys and Evelyn; the statesmen of the Revolution; the wits of Queen Anne; the friends and enemies of Horace Walpole; the statesmen, warriors and scientists of the nineteenth century: all are there. There round Chaucer cluster the poets, writers, musicians; round

Newton the scientists. Men of religion of every school and every age; men of travel, inventors, actors, diplomats, lawyers; there is no phase of thought, no activity of brain or body, no type of character, no form of genius unrepresented. It is the epitome of England's life, from Sebert to the Unknown Warrior. It is the heart of England. They are grouped irregularly, illogically, following no rule, representing every type of art and every change of fashion. That in itself is true to the character of English life. To systematise or arrange it would be to do violence to historic truth. Even the presence of the unknown and insignificant helps to tell the story more truly.

Till now the associations have all been solemn associations with public events. Funerals and coronations, thanksgivings and commemorations. Their record is a wonderful history of our political and social life. In them is reflected the characteristic of every age, the character and circumstances of every king, each passing phase of social life and thought; while the continuity of the coronation with its persistence in ancient forms witnesses to that passionate clinging to the past which makes England capable of development in freedom without revolution.

But we rejoice that here at the spiritual heart of the nation's life we should feel the pulse of a new emotion; a simple, natural human love binding the nation and the Crown together anew, still under the wings of religion and still expressing the reality of the changing phases of human life.

We say "God bless her" not as we have said it to princesses who go to their marriage as pawns in the game of politics, but as we would say it to a daughter or sister of our own who we trust is to find in her self-chosen marriage the happiness of a true home.



C. Vandyk.

THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY AND YORK, WHO ARE EXPECTED TO TAKE PART IN THE CEREMONY AT THE ABBEY.

41, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM



C. Vandyk.

41, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

"O, HAPPY HOUR! AND HAPPIER HOURS AWAIT THEM."

NOTHING makes a more welcome break in the common round of life than the announcement of a wedding. Marriage is one of the few events of life that awaken a curiosity that has nothing but kindness going with it. When the marriage of one of the Royal Family is the theme, curiosity is doubly quickened and interest becomes affection. In the case of the Princess Mary interest passes into family affection. She in a peculiar way belongs to the people, and they rejoice that there is no cloud and that all the auguries are happy. To the average citizen her marriage with a very gallant gentleman, whose family has its roots far back in English history, is as near an approach to romance as can be.

The Princess Mary has endeared herself to the British nation in a manner few, if any, of her predecessors have equalled; no blame to them for that. Opportunity, though it came in the guise of misfortune, brought the charm of her personality and the goodness of her heart home to the public. The trying ordeal of war revealed the gold of which she is compounded. Those whose days were passed in the piping times of peace had not her chance. It was not a war that could in any way be called ordinary, but a great conflict that strained the resources of the whole race. It called equally upon those in an exalted and those in a lowly sphere to do something for their country. The Princess responded to it in a way that won all hearts. Along with a sympathy and kindness which might have been expected from any of her family, she carried into the public service a great buoyancy and elasticity of spirit. Many of those who saw her only from their sick beds in hospital found sunshine in her smile. She was the most hopeful and inspiring of visitors. In that way she won an affection that has never abated. She is looked upon as a Princess, it is true, but also as one of the family.

Her choice of a husband has also met with universal approval. In olden times the Kings of England were much more closely connected with the leading families than they were, for example, in the nineteenth century, when many of their offspring were married to foreign princes. That was not a state of things which met with complete approval. History, of course, abounds with weddings that were more in the nature of alliances than anything else, but, at the same time, there was frequent inter-marriage between members of the Royal Family and members of families that stood next to them in rank and authority. This was always pleasant to the average citizen, and it is even more so to-day, mainly because it is a consolidation of the relationship between the Crown and the subject.

Many, many years ago, Lord Tennyson on an occasion somewhat similar to this, the marriage of Princess Beatrice to Prince Henry of Battenberg, after a passage, that was as near being stilted as the author could get, beginning "The later-rising

Sun of spousal Love," goes on with real feeling to describe what is occasionally forgotten:

The Mother weeps
At that white funeral of the single life,
Her maiden daughter's marriage; and her tears
Are half of pleasure, half of pain—the child
Is happy—ev'n in leaving her! but Thou,
True daughter, whose all-faithful, filial eyes
Have seen the loneliness of earthly thrones,
Wilt neither quit the widow'd Crown nor let
This later light of love have risen in vain,
But moving thro' the Mother's home, between
The two that love thee, lead a summer life,
Sway'd by each Love, and swaying to each Love,
Like some conjectured planet in mid heaven
Between two Suns, and drawing down from both
The light and genial warmth of double day.

Tennyson never forgot Queen Victoria, and so the Mother's loss appealed to him very much more because it was that of a widowed Crown. The lines, therefore, do not fully apply to the wedding of to-day, aptly as they applied to that of more than half a century ago. His view of it is only another way of saying that life is a chequer board with alternate squares of white and black. The people of England will not consider all that very deeply to-day. What they do see is a young princess; royal not only in her birth, but in her high spirit and perfect physique, a crown among maidens; leaving girlhood behind and stepping into the harder and more sober zone of life. They welcome the hour because, much as they admire the bride, they believe also that the bridegroom is not unworthy of her. He is what English people the world over honour—a gentleman and an officer. His bravery in the Army cannot be exaggerated, and the best indication of his character is that he was adored by all his men. Nor did he win that adoration by any slack indulgence or manoeuvring for popularity. He was strict in discipline to the point of hardness, but he never asked his men to go where he was not prepared to lead them himself, treating his own life as though it were of no importance. If it be true, as an older poet said, "That none but the brave deserve the fair," the match must be a perfect one, that should hold out no uncertain promise of happiness to both.

In the old days the poets of England would have been rivalling one another in writing an Epithalamium for so excellent a marriage. The fashion for that kind of verse has gone out, and it remains to be seen whether the Poet Laureate will, or will not, contribute a poem of some kind or other on the occasion. That will depend largely on his mood, for Dr. Bridges very properly holds that the Laureate who writes because the occasion seems to force him to write is not fair to his views. He only attends to the inspiration of the hour. Whether that comes or not, he and all of us know that in the hearts of an overwhelming multitude of Englishmen the strongest feeling of goodwill to both bride and bridegroom rises spontaneously. There never was an alliance more thoroughly popular with the manhood and womanhood of this country.

CHESTERFIELD HOUSE, MAYFAIR.—I

A RESIDENCE OF VISCOUNT LASCELLES

BY H. AVRAY TIPPING.

AMONG the mansions that the great Whig Lords erected in the eighteenth century for their London habitations that which the fourth Earl of Chesterfield was completing in 1749 was held to be "magnificent" by his contemporaries, and as it still deserves that description it is a fit and fortunate circumstance that it should now become a residence of the Princess who is in the seventh descent from the King under whom it was built and under whom its original builder served brilliantly in both diplomatic and political posts.

Chesterfield House remains, within and without, much as it was planned and executed. But its environment has altogether altered. It is now a town house among town houses—more ample and spreading, indeed, than its neighbours, but set closely about by scores of them. To the east the ample gardens, exceptional even when they were made, have given way to rows of Mayfair mansions. To the west the forecourt has been narrowed. The colonnades are pushed close up to the main block and no longer stretch out north and south from it before turning at right angles and connecting with pavilions containing stables and offices respectively, as shown in the original plan (Fig. 9). Such a disposition gave it the full appearance of a *rus in urbe* and likened it in plan to the huge pile that Prime Minister Walpole had lately completed in Norfolk, or to the house in Kent that Chesterfield's cousin, James, Earl Stanhope, had bought and was amplifying at the time of his death in 1720. The growth of London has rendered impossible the continuance of the countrified scheme, and modern ideas of convenience have led to some modification and increase of the internal accommodation. These, however, are changes in unessentials, and the house is certainly the least altered of any that Isaac Ware designed and carried out.

Born in 1694, Philip, eldest son of the third Earl of Chesterfield, and known during his father's lifetime as Lord Stanhope of Shelford, passed from Cambridge to the Continent in the spring of 1714 and visited the Low Countries and France. Italy, where such future leaders of taste as Lords Burlington and Leicester then were, was, of course, the ultimate bourne of this very intelligent and studious heir to a rich earldom. But before he set out thither political events at home made it advisable for him to recross the Channel. The Stanhope clan belonged to the Whig Connection and was excluded from all share of government under the Tory *régime* of Anne's closing years. But with her death in August, 1714, the project of a Jacobite restoration was nipped in the bud, and the advent

of George I ushered in half a century of Whig domination. James Stanhope at once obtained important office and soon became Prime Minister and Earl Stanhope. He could do much for his young cousin's political advancement, and it was arranged that a Cornish borough should send him to Parliament even before he came of age. His cousin's death and Robert Walpole's advent to power in 1721 lessened his chances of place, as he was independent in character and too conscious of his abilities to remain long an unwavering supporter of the new Premier. But in 1728, some time after he had succeeded to the Earldom, he was sent as envoy to the Hague and while still there was appointed Lord Steward of the Household. In 1732, in consequence of voting against Walpole's unpopular Excise Bill, he was dismissed from all offices and became an opposition leader until after Walpole's fall in 1741. He was, however, quite as prominent in the social and literary as in the political field. Although his visits to Paris were neither many nor long, Paris influenced him deeply. His knowledge of the French language, his pronunciation and diction, his airs and graces, made him one of what he frequently calls the *parfaitement bonne compagnie* of the Bourbon Court at the climax of its sumptuous elegance, finished manners and conversational perfection. Social intercourse being everything, town life, and that in a great capital, was alone bearable. Out of the thousands of surviving letters written by Lord Chesterfield two only are dated from the family seat of Brethby in Derbyshire, where he spent some time late in 1725 because his father lay dying there. Repeated fits had left him "entirely senseless," but in that condition he lingered so long that the son fears to become the madder of the two, "this place being the seat of horror and despair, where no creatures but ravens, screech owls and birds of ill omen seem willingly to dwell." After that, when he was in England and summer heats made a change from London desirable, he would occasionally visit friends in great houses such as Wilton and Stowe, or stay at water-drinking or bathing resorts such as Bath or Scarborough. But he is glad to get such "country excursions" over, and in August, 1733, he writes from Scarborough that he hopes soon to be "quietly in my easy chair by a good fire in St. James Square." Clearly, therefore, his town residence was still there and not yet in Grosvenor Square, as Sir Sidney Lee (who wrote Lord Chesterfield's life for the "Dictionary of National Biography") would have us believe. He tells how, only three weeks after the Scarborough letter mentioned the coming return to St. James's Square, Chesterfield married Lady Walsingham, whose acquaintance



Copyright.

1.—THE WEST OR ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

2.—THE SPRING OF THE STAIRCASE SEEN THROUGH THE MARBLE SCREEN.

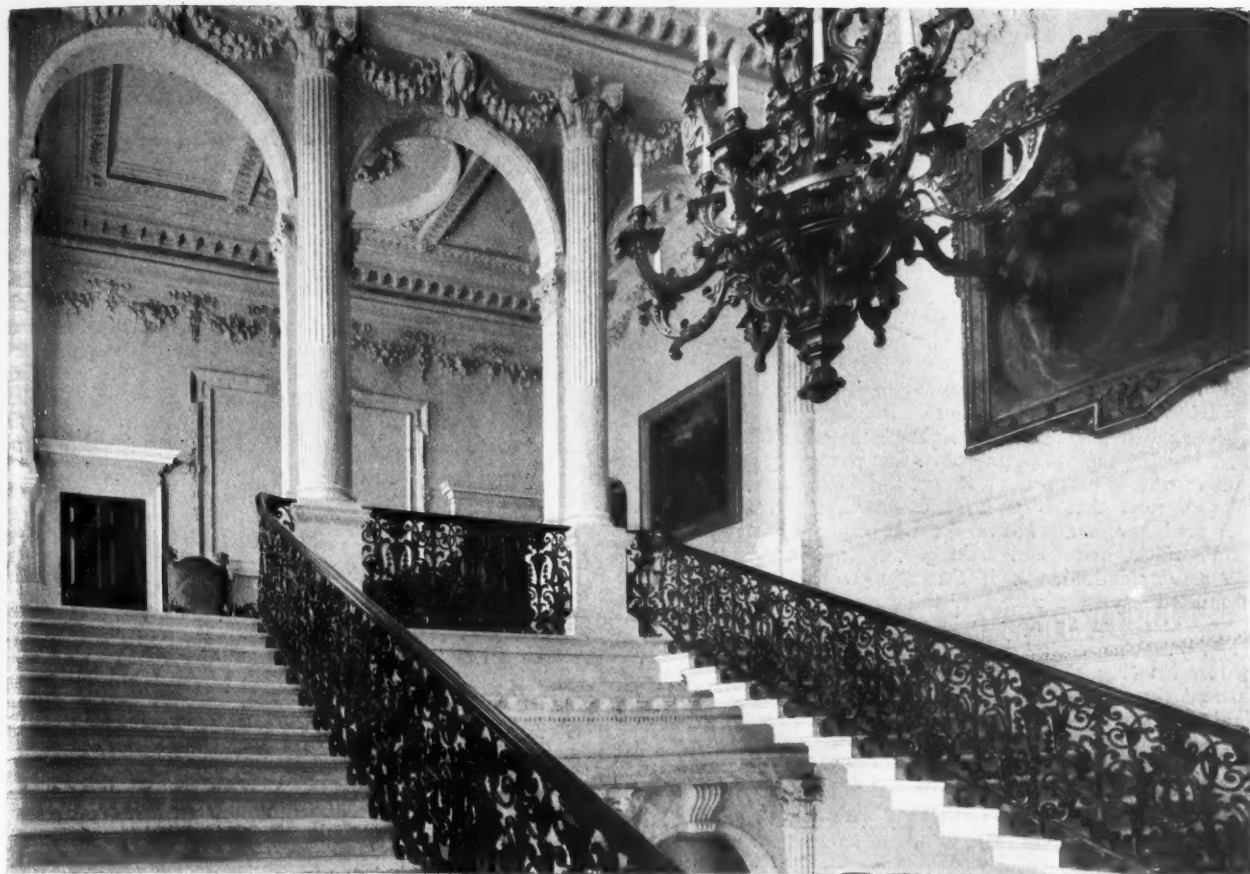
"C.L."



Copyright.

3.—THE ENTRANCE VESTIBULE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

4.—THE UPPER FLIGHTS OF THE STAIRS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

he made "while she was living with her mother in Grosvenor Square in the house adjoining his own." He adds that "for many years after the ceremony husband and wife continued to reside next door to each other" and that Chesterfield "frequently visited his wife at the house of her mother." Yet the Dictionary in dealing with the mother never mentions Grosvenor Square, but tells us that the Duchess of Kendal "resided chiefly at Kendal House, Twickenham."

To Lord Chesterfield, who had fully imbibed the French Ancien Regime views of matrimony, marriage was one thing and love another. The former was least unsatisfactory when it was most businesslike. The latter gave variety to life and was capable of much variety in itself. Thus the son to whom the famous letters were addressed was the child of a Mademoiselle du Bouchet, whom he had met during his Hague embassy. The son was born in 1732, and in the following year, being out of office, Chesterfield found leisure not only to take a wife, but to form a new attachment, for Sir Sidney Lee tells us that he "seems to have celebrated the union by taking into his keeping a new mistress, Lady Francis Shirley." The matrimonial alliance was quite prudent and had been long in the air. In 1792 Electress Sophia of Hanover took as a maid of honour Ermengarde Von der Schulenberg, who in the following year had a daughter by the Electress' son, afterwards King George I. In England, as before in Hanover, the Schulenberg was the most influential of the Royal mistresses, and was thoroughly alive to opportunity. She was created Duchess of Kendal and had £7,500 per annum settled on her from the English exchequer. But besides this she was the main road to places and favours, and a road that certainly had to be paved with gold by those who used it, since we hear that before Bolingbroke received his half pardon and was allowed to return to England in 1725, the sum of £11,000 had to pass into the Duchess' coffers. Her daughter, created Countess of Walsingham, besides being the Duchess' heiress, had a gift of £50,000 and an income of £3,000 a year from the Civil List. To Chesterfield, who probably found his means unequal to his desired expenditure, this accretion was welcome, and it is noticeable that it is only after the old Duchess' death in 1743 that he began to consider building himself a great house. That he did move to Grosvenor Square during the long interval between leaving St. James's Square and occupying Chesterfield House is quite certain, and that it was considered prudent, in view of expectations, for Lady Chesterfield to live with her mother is

exceedingly likely. But although the course of Lord Chesterfield's life was singularly little altered by his marriage, I know of no evidence for the assertion that he utterly neglected his wife. If for some years he did not live with her in London, she was certainly apt to accompany him in his frequent visits to Bath and Blackheath, and in dozens of his letters to various correspondents, English, Irish and French, he transmits messages from her.

The years before and during the building of the new house were, politically, the busiest of the Earl's life. His dislike to Carteret had led to his continuance in opposition after Walpole's fall, but when Carteret resigned in 1744 Chesterfield accepted the Vice-royalty of Ireland; yet, as he went on a special mission to the Hague for the first half of 1745, he did not reach the Green Isle till the August of that year. He showed sympathy with and understanding of the Irish, but did not remain among them beyond the April of the following year, when, returning to London on leave, he soon exchanged the vice-regal office for that of Secretary of State. There he found that his fellow Secretary, the Duke of Newcastle, exercised all the influence, and after eighteen months of these conditions he exclaimed "I am but a *commis*" and threw up the seals. That was in February, 1748, when the new house promised to be soon ready for occupation. Six months earlier he had written from London to his most usual French correspondent, Madame de Monconseil:

Je me ruine actuellement à bâtir une assez belle maison ici, qui sera finie à la Française, avec force sculptures et dorures.

As he was determined to give it so French a finish it is curious that he selected as his architect Isaac Ware, to whom the "French taste" that grew up in England under George II was anathema. A chimney sweep's boy, whom a wealthy amateur of the arts, as tradition has it, found drawing the Whitehall Banqueting House, he was sent to learn in Italy. He was evidently back home and of some professional standing in the architectural world by 1727, as his name is down as a subscriber to the "Inigo Jones" which, under the auspices of Lord Burlington, Kent published in that year. After that it is Ware himself who is the most active producer of architectural books. Several had appeared before his 1738 edition of Palladio, which he held to be a much more correct translation and production of the Italian's words and work than that which Leoni had published a score of years earlier. Ware was as convinced a Palladian as any of the Burlingtonian School,

and he takes his master's rules and his own interpretation of them very seriously. Everything that was good and pure in architecture, from Vitruvius downwards, was to be found in his "Complete Body of Architecture," published in 1756, and what was not there did not matter. It was in itself "a library on this subject to the gentleman and the builder," and it especially addresses itself to "the young architect," who is taken to be an altogether ignorant and inept person until he has picked up crumbs of wisdom from it. Coming after the completion of the author's *magnum opus*, Chesterfield House, its letterpress constantly refers to it, although it does not mention it by name. To it is entirely dedicated the chapter headed "The Construction of a Town House of the greatest Elegance." It is the last lap which the "young architect" reaches after passing through theory to practice and from plain to ornate. It is the last word and was "built for a nobleman of the most distinguished taste and adorned at the greatest expence."

In 1750, when it was complete, a drawing of it was made by Edward Eyre (Fig. 8), which shows it standing in splendid residential isolation. To the right the Mayfair Chapel shows, over buildings of warehouse type, that stretch down the south side of what is now Curzon Street, and facing them is the long line of trees that edge Lord Chesterfield's garden. Down the road houses are indicated; but there is nothing to the north of the house and nothing between it and Hyde Park. So solitary, indeed, was it that Chesterfield describes it as "situated among a parcel of thieves and murderers." The house as shown by Eyre is in full accord with Ware's plan (Fig. 9). The central block is exactly as it was built and as it remains (Fig. 1). The colonnades are seen stretching out towards the pavilions, of which that to right contained "kitchen, larder, pastry scullery washhouse and laundry," together with "lodging room" for servants above, while to the left was the stable building of which the upper storey accommodated further servants. Ware introduces you to his "large court"—which was 177ft. by 94ft.—and then exclaims:

The curious observer who shall enter into the spirit of it, in the free use of the *Corinthian* order in the Colonnade, the elegance

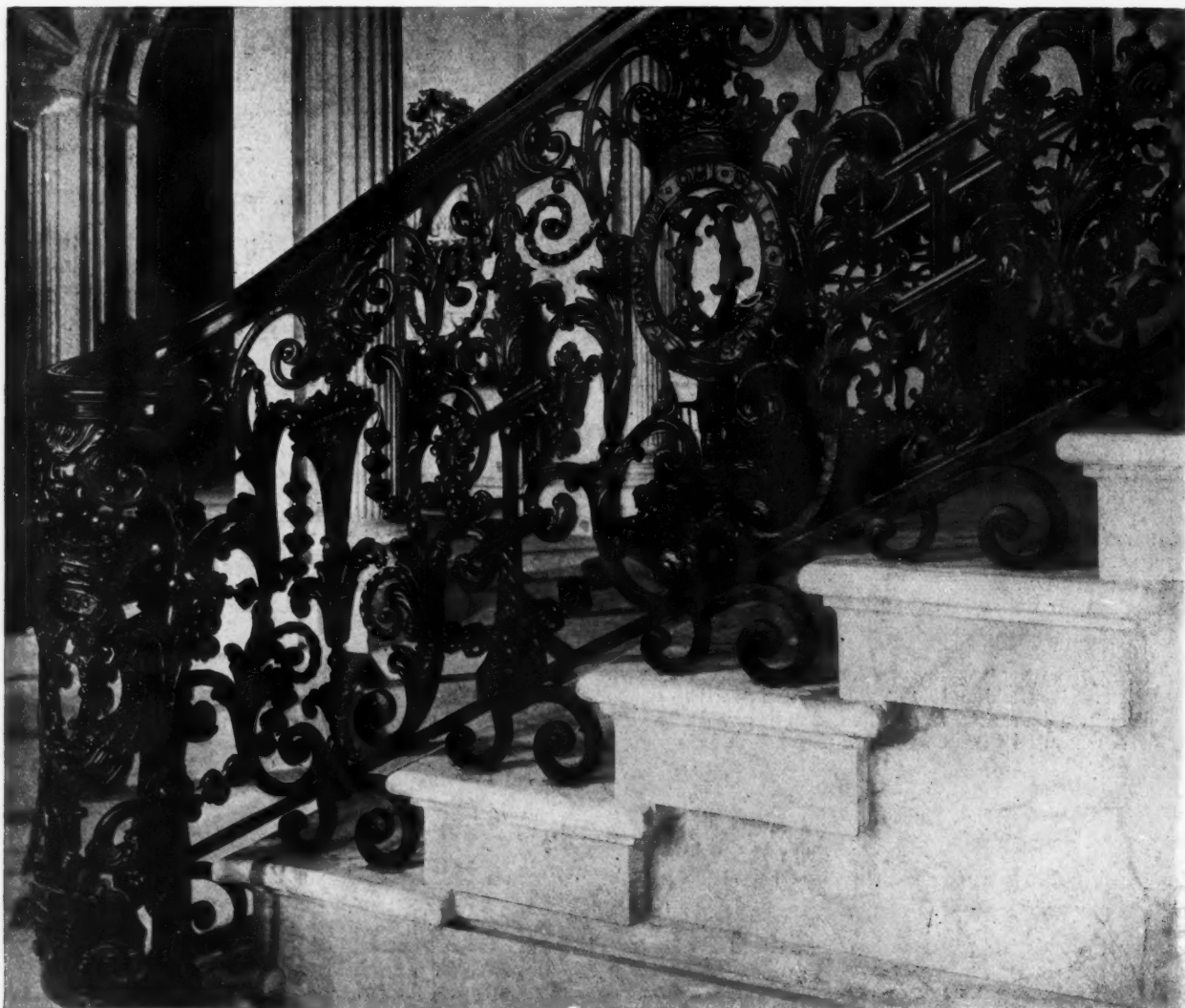
of the iron work on the outside as well as within and the high finishing of all the principal apartments will not be startled when he hears the expence was five-and-twenty thousand pounds: perhaps there is not in Europe so much richness and elegance for the same expence.

He then brings you to the "Door of the Corinthian Order" and tells you that

The proportions are exactly after the established rules of *Palladio* and ranges very happily with the *Corinthian* colonnade on each side.

Crossing the threshold, he shows you how "the great stair-case ascends with three flights of steps and is of white and veined marble of a very uncommon size and degree of perfection" and adds that "the screen which divides the hall from the stairs is of the same material and formed in arches and half columns of the *Corinthian* and *Composite* orders." But the "young architect" is not let into the secret that all the iron and marble work thus praised had nothing to do with Ware, except that he was constrained to arrange his plan for their inclusion. They were the spoils of the Duke of Chandos' short-lived mansion of Canons, and hence the columns of the screen are called by Lord Chesterfield "canonical pillars." To accommodate, in a five-window-fronted block, so palatial a staircase and screen required that the larger half of the entrance side should be given over to it. That was unusual. But the "young architect" is made to believe that it is not only a normal but an essential way of planning a house "of the greatest elegance," and there follow the equally necessary rules for disposing of the remaining portions of the ground floor in a large and fitting manner. To the left of the entrance must be a dining parlour (c) and, behind the great stair, a back stair and lobby (B and J). That brings us to the opposite side of the house, of which the central part is to be a waiting-room (E) with a large room (D) on the one side and on the other a dressing-room (F). The reasons for such a disposition are fully vouchsafed to the "young architect":

A dressing-room in the house of a person of fashion is a room of consequence, not only for its natural use in being a place of dressing, but for the several persons who are seen there. The morning is a time many choose for dispatching business; and



Copyright.

5.—THE BALUSTRADE OF THE STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Like the marble steps and columns of stair and screens it came from Canons when that seat was pulled down in 1747.

as persons of this rank are not to be supposed to wait for people of that kind they naturally give them orders to come about a certain hour and admit them while they are dressing.

This use of a dressing room shews also the necessity of a waiting room where we have placed it. Though these persons are expected at a certain hour, they cannot always be admitted the moment they come, therefore they must have some place where to stay.

Did ever pedagogue teach the obvious more weightily? Ware was evidently delighted with the plunge into the habits of the *beau monde* that building for Chesterfield had afforded him, and he deigns to pass on his information to the lesser fry of his profession.

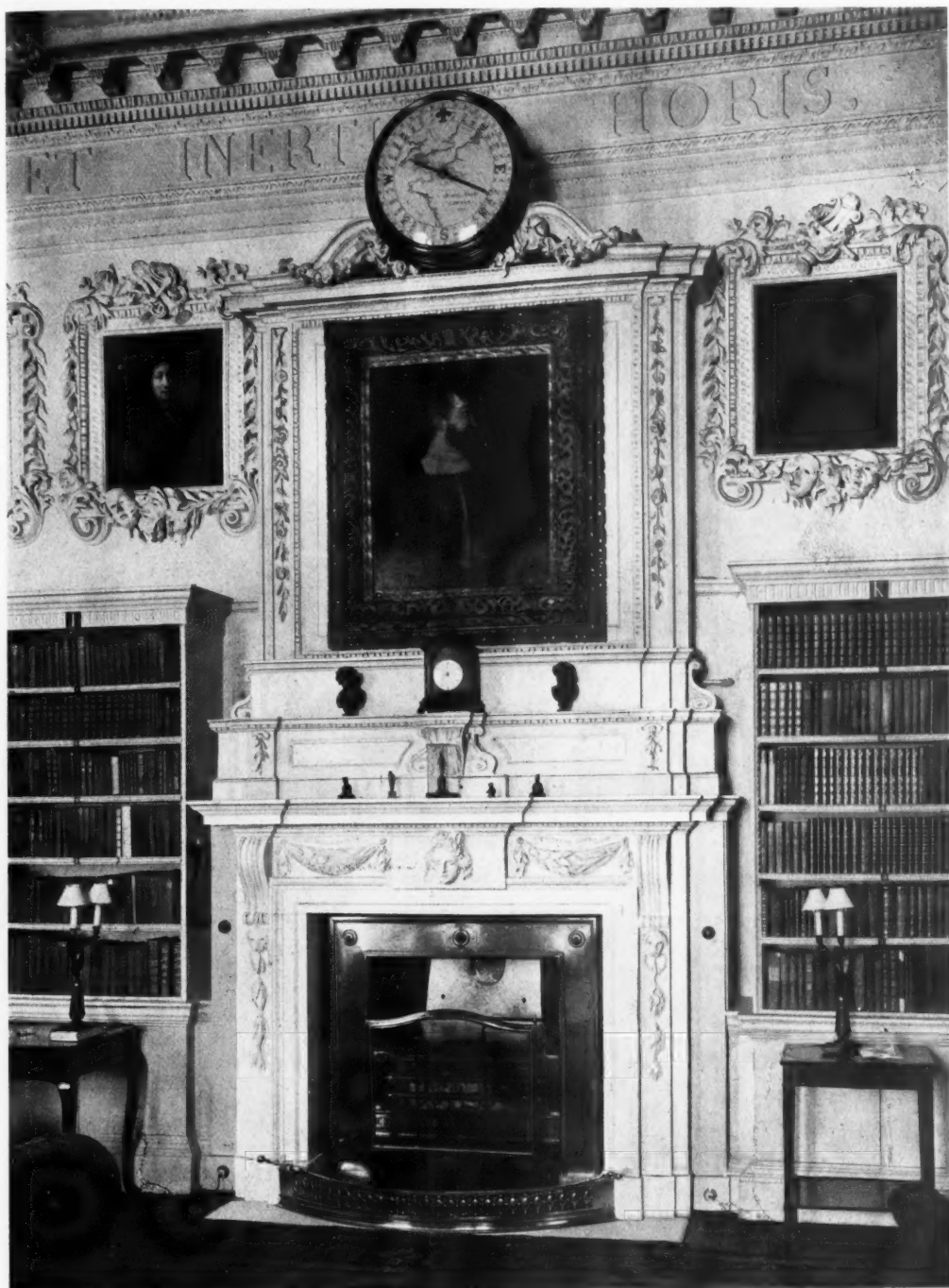
He now notices that all the space of the ground floor of his five-windowed block is taken up, and yet we "want the

appearance "of a wart deforming the whole or of a wen threatening to pull it down." If you do not want two rooms you must place opposite to the one at least the semblance of another in the shape of "a shell . . . raised for regularity." However, my Lord Chesterfield wanted two rooms, and so "semblances" were avoided and strict rule was retained.

The plan of these two rooms must be laid with perfect regularity; they must correspond with one another in all respects, in length, breadth and height; and they will then have every article of convenience and grace.

Let the student here learn the difference; in those houses which are ridiculous for their new rooms, the addition is made without any regard to the whole fabric, but here it is, though an addition, a regular part. In them it is stuck to the house, and here it is part of the building; in the common practice it is a single part, for few have thought of adding two great rooms upon this vulgar plan; in the instance before us there are two.

These rooms were occupied at the same time as the rest of the house; in fact, the library was one of the first two to be furnished. Yet Ware calls them additions. May we not gather that when he was first called in and, from instructions received, made a plan, Chesterfield's ideas were modest and a room was intended to right as well as to left of the entrance? That may have been soon after the purchase of the land in 1745 and long before the spoils of Chandos were acquired, for Canons was not handed over to the housebreakers till 1747. The acquisition of its marble and ironwork called for a revision of plan. They took so much space themselves and called for so much spaciousness in other parts to keep them in countenance that extension was necessary, and the cost of this so impresses itself on Chesterfield's mind that from this date onwards his correspondents constantly hear that he is ruining himself. This theory may also in measure account for the unexpected delay that took place in the date of possible occupation. Besides Madame de Monconseil, Lord Chesterfield's frequent correspondent at this time was Solomon Dayrolles, for whom he had procured a



Copyright.

6.—THE LIBRARY CHIMNEYPiece.

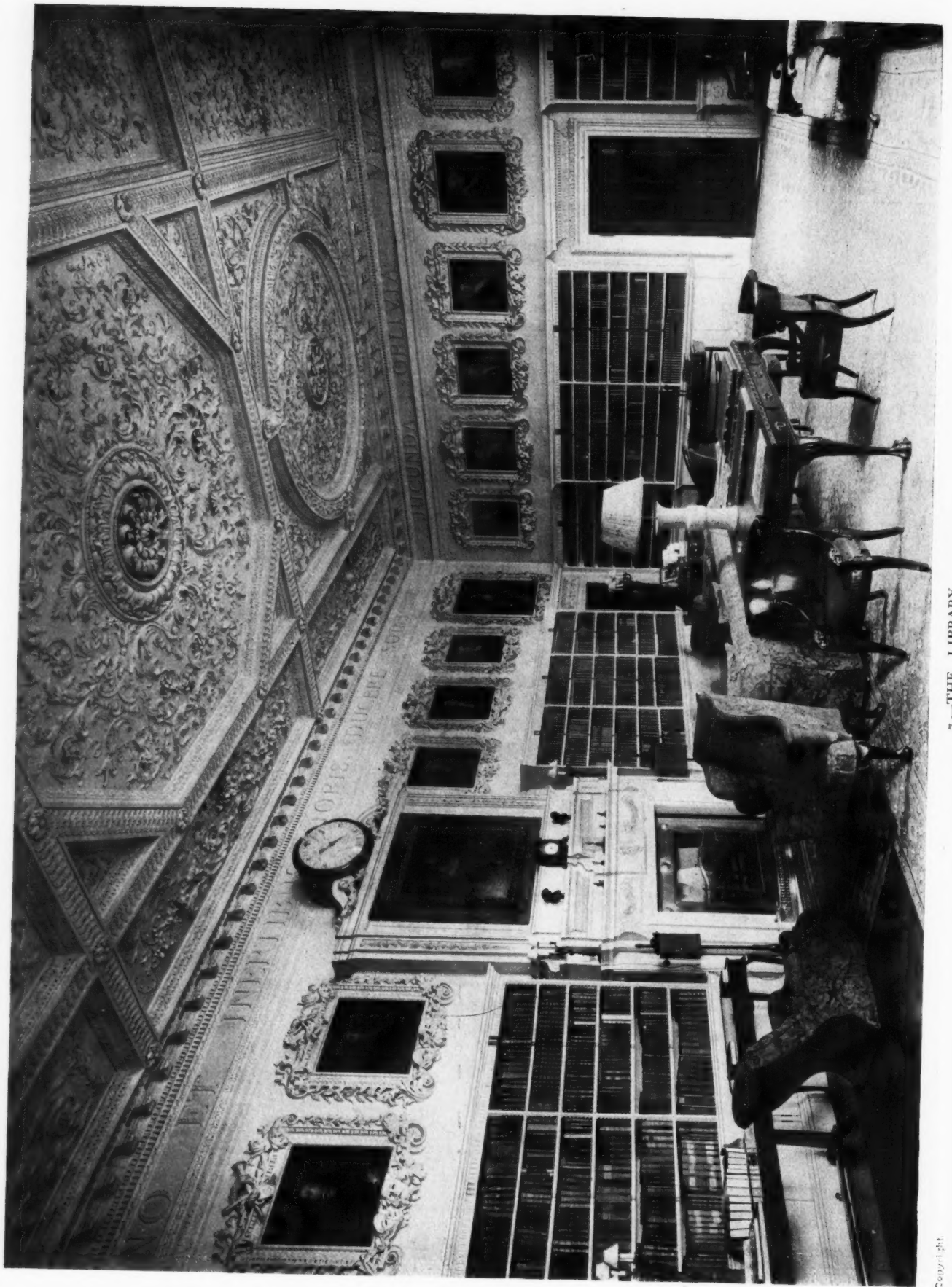
"COUNTRY LIFE."

two great apartments for such a house as this; they are a drawing-room and a library: they must be on this floor, and yet the whole is disposed of without them." Was ever there need for bolder invention, for more incredible innovation! Yet Ware is equal to the task. The front and back of the body of the house have full features, and nothing can there be added or subtracted. Not so the sides, and "no objection in rule or regularity" arises to prevent adding on the two great rooms at those points. True, this brilliant idea had already occurred to others; but how shockingly badly they had effected it. Indeed, some had added one room to one side, giving the

diplomatic post at the Hague, and to him in September, 1747, he writes:

The Parliament will meet the second week in November; till when the town will continue as empty as it is now, and I never knew it emptier. My only amusement is my new house, which has now taken some form, both within and without. There is but one disagreeable circumstance that attends it, which is the expense.

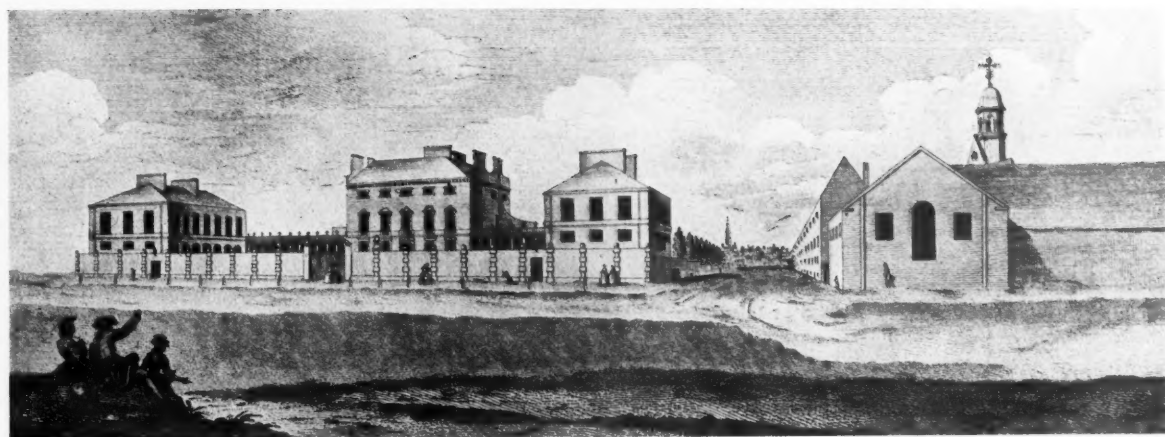
Nine months later he tells Dayrolles that he is "extremely busy in moving to my new house, where I must be before Michaelmas next." He then goes to drink Cheltenham waters,



"COUNTRY LIFE."

7.-THE LIBRARY.

Copyright



8.—CHESTERFIELD HOUSE IN 1750.

From a drawing made by Edward Eyre in that year.

but is back in Grosvenor Square at the end of July and writes to Madame de Monconseil that he must leave town again for a fortnight as he has no house; he is turning out of his old one and cannot yet get into the new one, but:

Dans six semaines j'espère d'être établi, tant bien que mal, dans mon hôtel, où à la fin je serai bien logé. J'ai accommodé la plupart de mes chambres entièrement à la Française. J'ai une grande cour, et un grand jardin, deux choses très-rares dans cette ville, quoique très-communes à Paris.

A fortnight later Dayrolles hears of "fitting up my house, which I assure you takes a good deal of time, now that we are come to the minute parts of finishing and furnishing." But Michaelmas comes and goes and there is no migration, nor is it till March 31st, 1749, that he dates a letter from the "Hôtel Chesterfield," telling Dayrolles that he has got into it, but adds:

I have yet finished nothing but my *boudoir* and my library: the former is the gayest and most cheerful room in England, the latter the best. My garden is now turfed, planted and sown, and will in two months more make a scene of verdure and flowers not common in London.

The *boudoir* was "entièrement à la Française," as he had told Madame de Monconseil that he had made most of his rooms. But the library is not so, any more than the hall and staircase, and it certainly seems that a treaty of peace had been settled between him and Ware whereby the whole exterior and most of the ground floor rooms were to be treated so as to satisfy the latter and the still surviving Burlingtonian School; while in the other rooms, and especially those on the first floor, Chesterfield might, within certain limitations, indulge his taste for *le style Louis XV.*

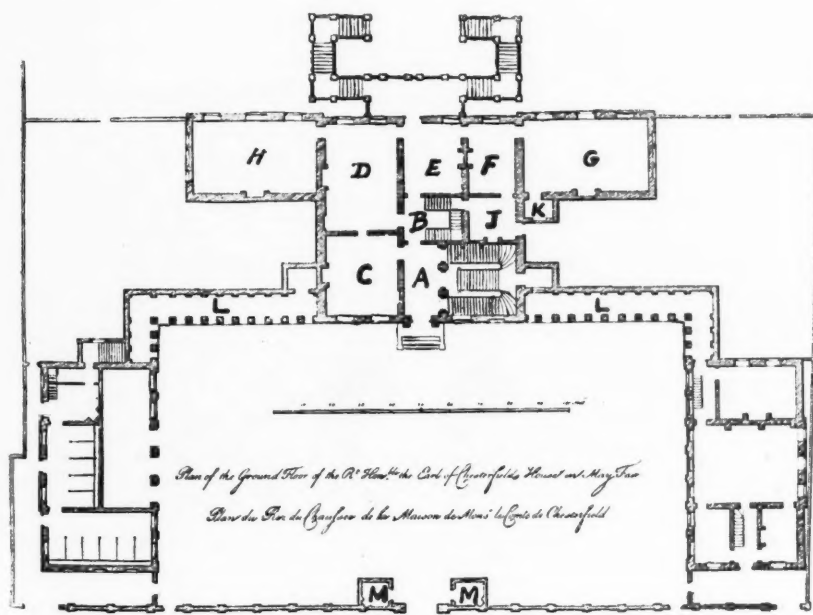
By December, 1747, the transference of the Canons Park materials was sufficiently advanced for Chesterfield to declare

that his hall and staircase "will really be magnificent," and the illustrations show that his estimate was not exaggerated. Columns and arcading of both the lower and the upper screens (Figs. 2 and 4) are of white veined marble, and the stair-treads are of the same material. The balustrading (Fig. 5), here as outside, is work as fine as any of Tijou's and may be compared to that on the staircase he did for Chatsworth. The crossed C's in the panels did as well for Chesterfield as for Chandos, and only the ducal coronet had to be modified to that of an earl. With the marble and ironwork of a score or two of years earlier, Ware associated stuccowork that was perfectly in character. The entrance vestibule (Fig. 3) is comparable to the work with which Bagutti decorated the saloon at Mereworth about 1723. The upper vestibule is very similar to the lower one. The draped masks and festoons surmounting the arches are quite in the Inigo Jones' manner, and such as he and Roger Pratt used for the staircase at Coleshill. Coleshill was accepted by Ware as a model to be taught to the "young architect," so that in the "Complete Body of Architecture" we find descriptions and careful drawings of various of its details, and especially of the ceiling of the "great dining room" or first floor saloon. The treatment of ceilings he deals with at great length, and at Chesterfield House he introduced the Inigo Jones type as well as others of newer fashion, so that he is able to say:

The rooms upon the principal floor, and that above it, have all expensive and rich ceilings and chimney pieces designed in the most elegant manner, and wrought in the best marbles; and all by the first artists in their several professions.

These included the Gallican inventions which were forced upon Ware, who, however, could turn to the library (Fig. 7) for consolation. Here the chimneypiece (Fig. 6), of white

marble below and white painted wood above, is in the full English manner, and is illustrated by Ware in his book. There one sees that the interesting but over-sized wind-dial of 1797 date that crushes the elegant and light broken pediment is an intrusion. Ware had placed here an entirely congruous and proportionate group of musical instruments. No doubt also the picture originally selected for the panel was either let into it or was of such size and shape as exactly fitted. Another change which would be painful to Ware's feelings is the filling in with scrollwork of the ceiling panels. This scrollwork is imitative of that in the other great downstairs room—the drawing-room of Ware's plan, now the great dining-room, which will be illustrated next week. For that ceiling Ware is also responsible; but for it (which he rather apologises for as a ceiling of "fancy" rather than of "taste") he had designed an appropriate and lighter framework, whereas that in the library was founded on those at Coleshill. The divisions are in the character of massive beams with a revetment of enriched stucco. Such Ware considers should be reticent in panel decoration. He puts none in that of the staircase and shows none in the plate of that for the library which he gives in his book. Such is the character of the ceiling of the Coleshill staircase, while in its great dining-room



9.—GROUND FLOOR ROOMS, AS NAMED BY ISAAC WARE IN 1756.

A, hall and staircase; B, back stairs; C, dining parlour; D, large room or ante-room; E, waiting-room; F, dressing-room; G, library; H, drawing-room; J, lobby; K, closet; L, colonnades; M, porters' lodges.

there are wreaths in the panels and such treatment as enables him to point out "the great superiority there is in the true and noble ornaments over the petty wildnesses" of the newer fancies. Petty wildnesses, such as we now find there, he could certainly have banned from the library ceiling, but it is curious that he did not introduce a measure of the "true and noble," such as he found at Coleshill. Such we find on the doorways, but there may have been rather more "fancy" than he approved of in the stuccowork of the picture frame, although they have nothing of the rococo about them, but are examples of thoughtfully designed and delicately executed work of a baroque type that is rich, but not extravagant. To fill these frames he obtained portraits of English poets and literary men. The list begins with Chaucer and Shakespeare and ends with Chesterfield's friends and contemporaries, such as Pope and Swift. All were there in 1845, when Lord Mahon published his edition of the Chesterfield Letters, quotations from which we have been reading. Reviewed in the next

"Quarterly," a paragraph was there given to the house and attention called to the "close series of portraits." As we shall see next week, all such possessions of the great earl were removed when the house was sold in 1869. Now, fortunately, owing to a sale of the contents of Bretby, Lord Lascelles has been able to bring back many of them. Among these are the poets, restored to their "Stucco Allegorical frames" above the bookcases that "go no higher than the dressings of the doors," as Chesterfield arranged. His scheme of avoiding gilding in this room—for fire and candles would turn it black, whereas a repainting of white every five years will keep it clean and cheerful—has also been retained, and looking round, we can picture the disillusioned statesman and ageing *roué* often alone with his books and his thoughts and trying to live up to the Horatian motto which he set up large in the frieze:

Nunc veterum libris nunc somno et inertibus horis
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.

PRINCESS MARY'S YORKSHIRE HOME

GOLDSBOROUGH HALL, to which Viscount Lascelles will take his Royal bride as her present Yorkshire home, became Lascelles' property, as we shall see (page 245), through its purchase by Henry Lascelles' second son, Thomas. It is situated in the fertile but picturesque neighbourhood of Knaresborough and there were generations of Goldsboroughts of Goldsborough before the estate was purchased, somewhere about 1600, by Sir Richard Hutton. Of a Westmorland family, we find him called to the Bar in 1586, and soon after appointed to the Council of the North. Thus he became connected with York, of which he was made Recorder in 1610, and it was at this period that he will have bought the estate and reconstituted the house of Goldsborough. Later on he became a judge, and so much was thought of his judgment in favour of Hampden in the famous Ship money case in 1638, that it was printed. In the following year he died in London and was succeeded by his son, another Sir Richard, a Cavalier, who died of wounds received in one of the lesser Yorkshire fights and skirmishes that followed the battle of Marston Moor, fought in 1644. From Huttons

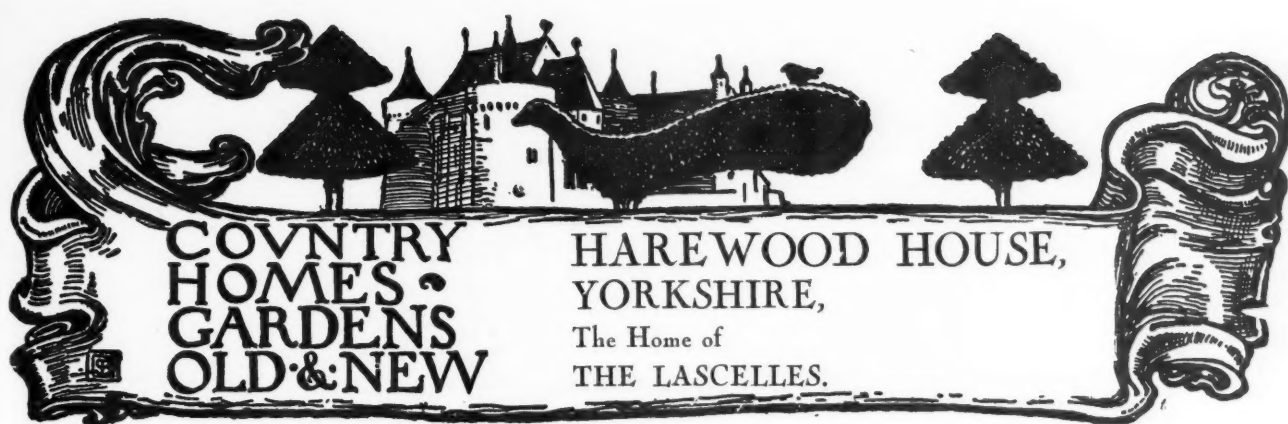
Goldsborough had passed through the female line to the Byerleys before its purchase by Thomas Lascelles, who died there, as a marble sarcophagus in the church informs us, in 1784. For the next decade the estate will have been owned by his elder brother and thus passed, with Harewood, to their cousin Edward, first Earl of Harewood. The illustration shows it as a many gabled Jacobean house of brick, with stone facings, largely re-windowed, and altered in other respects also, at a later period—very likely by Thomas Lascelles. Thus, although, on the east side, the tops of the original gables survive, and below them the ample six-light, mullioned and transomed stone windows, yet the spaces between have been built up as a parapet wall set with balls at the ends, and this attempt at an approach to classicism is carried round also to north and south. But the old world flavour is in no way destroyed. It is a typical English country home, mellowed by time, which has toned down and assimilated the eighteenth century alterations to the seventeenth century house, and given to the whole a very sympathetic domestic charm.



Copyright.

THE EAST FRONT OF GOLDSBOROUGH HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



TEN years after Lord Chesterfield had migrated to his new house in Mayfair (page 235) its present owner's ancestor, Edwin Lascelles, laid the first stone of the great Yorkshire mansion that has ever since been the chief seat of the Lascelles family. In those ten years England had seen much movement in architectural thought and taste, a very definite impulse having been given by the return from his travels of Robert Adam in 1758. The exterior of Harewood House, indeed, only slightly indicates the change. The use of pilaster and column, of heavily architraved and pedimented window openings is here as free as in any of the designs of the outgoing Burlingtonian School, and it is only in the wings that we notice signs of the coming manner. That is probably due to the fact that Carr of York had more to do with the outside than Robert Adam, who, however, is solely responsible for the interior, where his determination to banish not only rococo but also baroque exuberance and replace them by more restrained and refined classic forms and ornament fully asserted itself.

Harewood is a large parish, containing a head and subsidiary manors, and at the Conquest it became a possession of the Romellis. Later mediæval owners erected the stronghold of which the picturesque ruins still form a feature in the park. Situate half way between Leeds and Harrogate, it looks westward towards Wharfedale and the high moorland, while to the east the Vale of York stretches out and on clear days the Minster

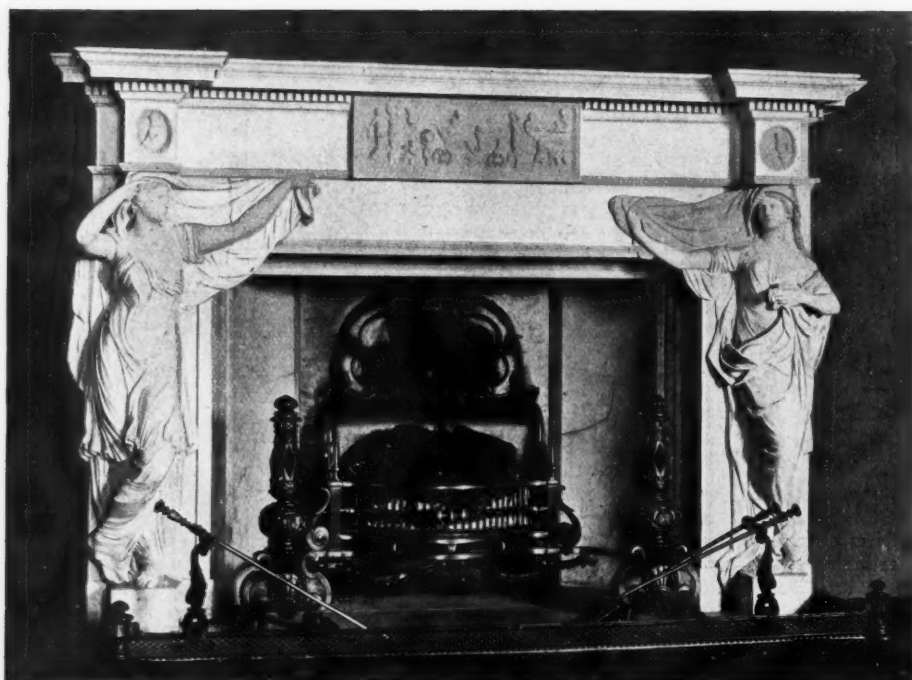
towers are visible twenty miles away. The 2,000 acres of the park show great diversity. High land and undulations set with fine timber sweep down to watery dells, and near the chief stream stood Gawthorpe, the home of the Gascoignes, who gave to the King's Bench the Chief Justice whom tradition and Shakespeare represent as the stern repressor of Prince Hal's breaches of the peace. At Gawthorpe Wentworths followed Gascoignes, and after the head of the Earl of Strafford had fallen on the block and the Commonwealth was fully established it passed, together with Harewood, to John Cutler of the Grocers' Company. Long after his death in 1693 tradition painted him to Pope as the type of outrageous avarice, yet this wealthy London merchant did not altogether hoard his ample gains, but gave generously to his City Company and to the College of Physicians, for whose "Cutlerian theatre" he provided the money. His financial assistance to Charles II before and after the Restoration in 1660 earned him a baronetcy. But he had no son to succeed him, and when his daughter, Lady Radnor, died in 1696 the Yorkshire estates went to his nephew, "John Boulter, grocer," whose extravagance ultimately constrained him to sell them, and thus in 1739 the Lascelles ownership began. Mr. J. Jones, who published his "History of Harewood" in 1859, tells us that "Picot de Lascelles is mentioned in Domesday Book as displacing the three Saxon lords of Scruton in Richmondshire." After that the name is never out of the list of Yorkshire landowners. At various



Copyright.

1.—THE RETAINING WALL OF SIR CHARLES BARRY'S STAIRWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

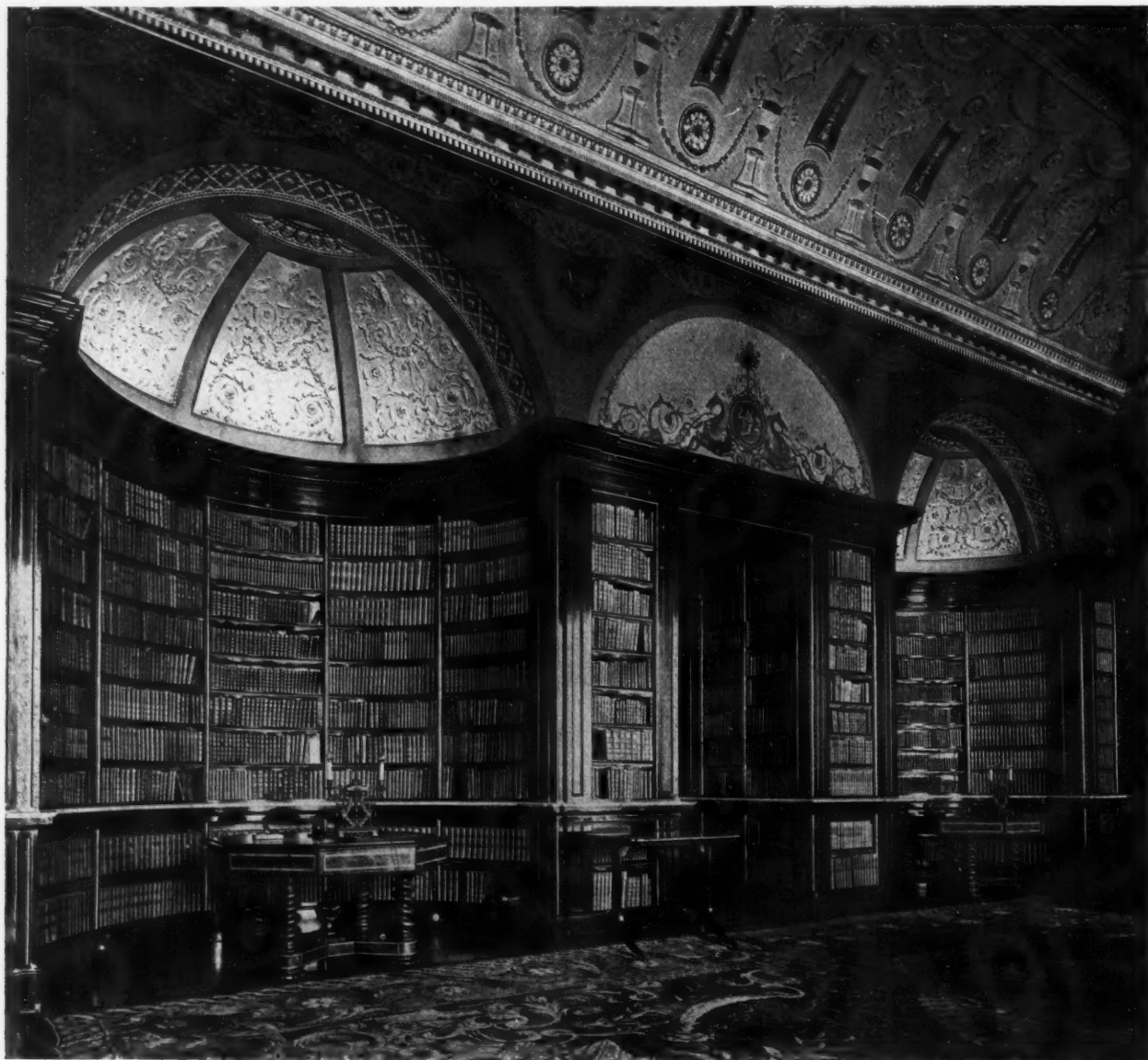
2.—A CHIMNEYPIECE BY ROBERT ADAM.
Originally in the gallery, now the dining-room.

"C.L."

Thus in North Allerton Church was buried, in 1734, Daniel Lascelles of Stank Hall near by. Fifteen years earlier he had been sheriff of the county and cannot then have been a young man, as 1681 is given as the date of birth of his eldest son George. What the connection of Daniel Lascelles was with our then very flourishing West India Colonies does not appear, but to Barbadoes went not only George, but his younger brothers Henry and Edward. There all three married and flourished. George dates his will at Barbadoes in 1726 and died three years later, so that it was his son William who succeeded Daniel at Stank. Henry, born at North Allerton in 1690, married a Barbadoes heiress in 1712, and there his eldest son Edwin was born in the following year. By 1721 Henry is back in England, as he then buries his wife at North Allerton. He adds to his fortune by becoming interested in the East as well as the West Indies, and is a director of the Honourable

dates we find Lascelles of Sourby and Brackenburgh, of Hinderskelfe and Ganthorpe, of Stank and North Allerton.

Company. He must have grown very wealthy, for not only did he buy the great Harewood and Gawthorpe properties



Copyright.

3.—THE SALON AS TRANSFORMED INTO A LIBRARY BY BARRY.
The main ceiling and those of the apses are as Adam designed them.

"C.L."

in 1739, but after his death his eldest son could easily meet the expense of erecting a splendid mansion, while another son bought Goldsborough and afterwards, at an outlay of £28,000, added two manors to it.

Henry Lascelles died in 1753, and Edwin, his successor, who had first been returned to Parliament in 1744 and three years later had married a Dawes heiress, found himself in a position to contemplate rehousing himself in accordance with the latest and finest manner of the day. His father had been content with the old hall of Gawthorpe, which a print of 1722 shows to have been an ample house of ancient origin, with post-Restoration alterations and additions, including formal gardens. It stood low down by the water, and Edwin Lascelles decided on a new site some 400 yds. away on much higher ground, looking southwards down to the watery hollow and beyond that to the opposite hill land.

At that time John Carr of York had established his position as the first architect of the county, combining capacity for design in the accepted taste with practical knowledge of the building craft. Coming from a family of hereditary masons, he had started in 1750 as a builder in York, and had carried out work from the designs of others, such as Robert Morris, and perhaps also of William Chambers, who gave the design for the stables which were built for Edwin Lascelles in 1755. But a year earlier than that Carr had designed and carried out the grand-stand of the York Race-course so successfully as to acquire great local reputation, and thenceforth he is no longer a builder, but an architect, carefully studying the text books of the period, such as Ware's "Complete Body of Architecture," and, most especially, the "Select Architecture" which Robert Morris published in 1755 and of which Carr's annotated copy survives. To him Edwin Lascelles certainly went for professional advice, and not only were the elevations of his new house essentially what we should expect from Carr, but they are assigned to him alone in the continuation of the "Vitruvius Britannicus," which Woolfe and Gandon published in 1767-71. There, however, the attribution of the exterior to Carr is followed by the remark: "The worthy owner has spared no expense in decorating the principal apartments from designs made by Mr. Adam." As the foundations were laid in 1759 and as Adam's drawings for the interior are dated 1765, it has been assumed that he was only called in after Carr had not only designed, but even erected the shell. But Mr. Arthur Bolton, who, as Curator of Sir John Soane's Museum, has carefully studied the vast collection of Adam drawings that Sir John collected, disproves this view by producing plans and elevations of the house drawn by Robert Adam, and indicating suggested variants in the disposition of rooms. These plans, together with a careful survey of the whole question, will be found in the long expected, but now soon to be published, monumental work on the Brothers Adam by Mr. Bolton, and therefore they will not be further dealt with here.

The house was finished in 1771, and Edwin Lascelles, having taken up his habitation in it, pulled down the old hall below and employed Capability Brown to form the stream into a lake and treat the grounds and park in his landscape style. The place had now become one of the most important and best

known in Yorkshire, and its owner, who had almost constantly sat in the House of Commons since first returned to it, moved up to the Lords in 1790 when he was granted the barony of Harewood. He was then approaching his eightieth year, and five years later he died. He had outlived his younger brothers, who, like himself, were childless. The newly created barony therefore lapsed, but the estates passed to a cousin. Old Daniel Lascelles of North Allerton had married a second time, and as late as 1702 had had a son, Edward. We have seen that he, too, like his half brothers, went to Barbadoes, where he became Collector of the Customs, and where he married in 1732.

Eight years later he had a son; five years later, again, at the age of forty-five, he died at Barbadoes. The son, another Edward, was brought to England, became an officer of the Guards and bore the standard of the Blues at the Battle of Minden in 1759. He was only fifty-five when he succeeded his octogenarian cousin at Harewood in 1795. The barony

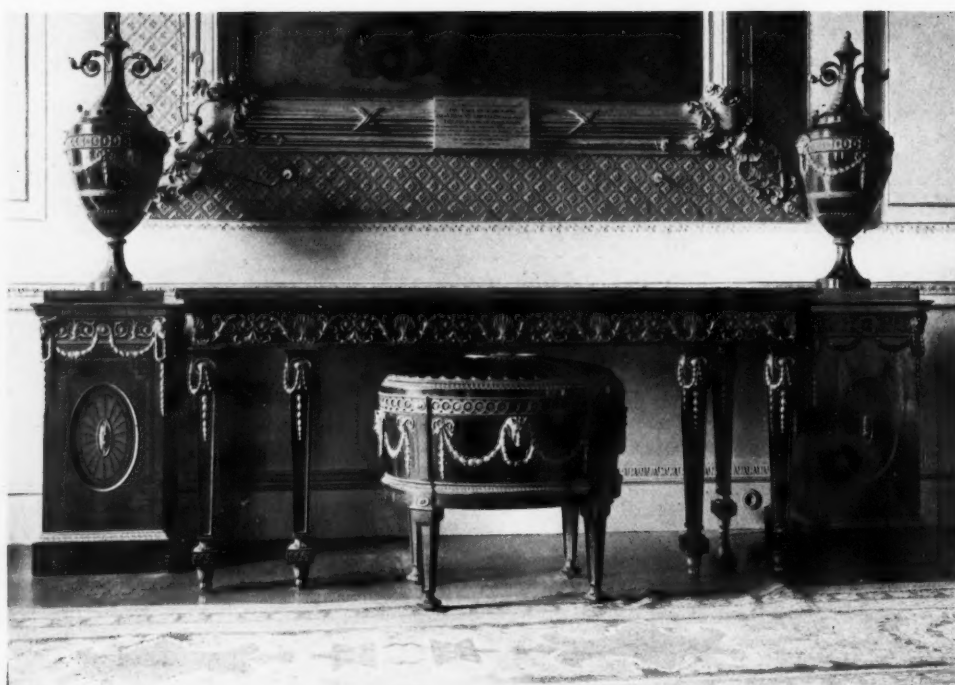


Copyright.

4.—THE MUSIC ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

was recreated for him in the following year, and in 1812 the higher titles of Earl of Harewood and Viscount Lascelles were conferred upon him. Under his grandson, the third Earl, very considerable changes were made at Harewood, for, besides interior alterations, the south side was largely remodelled by Sir Charles Barry in 1843. He added bedroom floors to the wings; he removed the central projecting portico; he made a magnificent descent of steps from the house to a set of finely designed terraces, below which is a parterre garden bounded by a great bastioned and balustraded wall from which other flights of steps lead down to sloping lawn and eventually to the lake side. This really noble formal lay-out deserves praise, and no doubt Barry enhanced the accommodation



Copyright.

5.—IN THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

This furniture was made by Thomas Chippendale from R. Adam's designs.



Copyright.

6.—THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and convenience of the interior of the house. But his considerable tampering with Robert Adam's work is in many respects regrettable, although the work itself may be commendable. He was certainly clever in his transformation of the salon into a library (Fig. 3), and the introduction of bookcases in the semi-circular recesses, or apses, on each side of the principal doorway is very happy and does not derogate from the excellence of Adam's work in the ceilings of the apses, which, like the main ceiling of the room, are as Adam left them. That is true also of the gallery which occupies the whole of the west wing. Adam made a large coloured drawing of the ceiling, dated 1769, and it was carried out by Rose. The chimneypieces now to be found there are no doubt by Barry, whereas one originally there, as we know from Adam's drawing, is now in the dining-room (Fig. 2). It is of the kind which Isaac Ware calls "of the Caryatid Order," and similar to the one which this architect placed in the "great room" of Chesterfield House, a replica of which is still there, as we shall find next week. Adam's figures are more graceful and delicate, but whether the different attitude of the two figures is not rather too naturalistic a treatment of so classic a piece of architectural construction as a chimney-piece of this period is an arguable point. In the dining-room we also find the splendid mahogany and ormolu sideboard, with flanking urns and with a wine cooler (Fig. 5), that Thomas Chippendale executed, no doubt from drawings by Adam, although these are now not to be found. Mr. Bolton is no doubt right in saying that "it is probable that they went direct to and were never returned by Chippendale, who supplied a great deal of furniture for the house." The music-room (Fig. 4), lying between the gallery and the dining-room, has largely escaped retreatment. The ceiling is, as it were, reflected on the floor for which Adam designed the carpet in exact relation, and almost as a replica of the ceiling of which the medallions were painted by Angelica Kauffman, whose future husband,



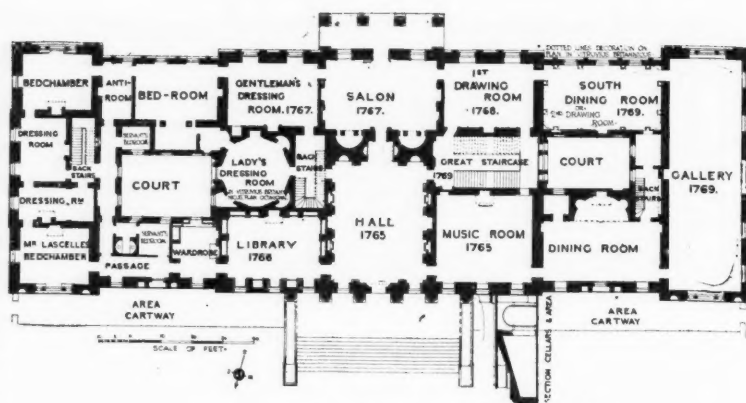
"COUNTRY LIFE."

7—THE SOUTH FRONT.
It was altered and the terrace gardens created by Sir Charles Barry in 1843.

Copyright.

Zucchi, is responsible for the landscapes which alternate with wall panels of delicate stucco-work, in the full Adam manner. Equally in the Adam manner is the chimney-piece with boys and lyres in the frieze, and the framing above it, within which, later, a portrait of the first Earl of Harewood was placed. The hall (Fig. 6) is called by Mr. Bolton "a monumental example of Robert Adam's work," and in one of the wall medallions there appears, on a flag, the date 1767, no doubt the year of the completion of the work. Such are a few only of the many fine rooms at Harewood House, where also we find splendid furniture of the Louis XVI period, as well as priceless Sèvres, which the first Earl of Harewood acquired in the troublous times of the French Revolution.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.



8.—GROUND FLOOR OF HAREWOOD.

The rooms are named as in the eighteenth century. The salon was turned into the library in 1843, and the 1766 library called the Old Library.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF LETTERS

OUT of his great reading and wide sympathy Professor Saintsbury has produced a very delightful little volume which he calls *A Letter Book* (Bell and Sons). It is a selection of letters that begin with a letter written by Synesius to his brother, dealing with "forerunners of the present Senussi who were constantly raiding his diocese and its neighbourhood." For this Greek was a neo-Platonist philosopher, a country gentleman and most efficient yeomanry officer. He has got together three hundred spears and as many cutlasses, and he prefers the cutlasses as "they can be struck more vigorously unto the enemies' bodies." The other is a note of a different kind addressed to Hypatia. It begins: "But if oblivion be the lot of the dead in Hades yet will I, even there, remember my dear Hypatia," and in a memorable sentence he describes the war-devastated condition of his country:

... drawing as I do breath infected by rotting corpses; expecting myself a similar fate (for who can be hopeful when the very atmosphere is weighed down and dusky with the shadow of carnivorous birds?), yet do I cling to my country.

The series ends with a letter from Robert Louis Stevenson. Between those extremes you can open the book anywhere and find something alluring alike in the letters and the introduction and annotations of the author. The whole is preceded by a disquisition on letters and letter-writing. The mere fact that it is written by Professor Saintsbury is a guarantee of learning, width and fulness of information. It will set every reader thinking, but more than the others it will stir those who are in the habit of receiving letters from a vast variety of correspondents. In a book like this it is almost necessary that the selection should be confined to what has been written by men and women who are famous. Looking over the contents, one feels the absence of that wonderful figure in anthologies who is briefly called "Anon." We miss Anon in this collection. There is not even an unknown name in it. We might go further and say there is not a name in it unknown in literature, unless we classify "M. B.," the writer of one of the Paston letters, as anonymous. It is a letter from one Valentine to another, and one of the tenderest and most beautiful in the volume. After telling her lover that her father "will no more money part withal in that behalf but £100 and one mark," she goes on:

Wherefore if that ye could be content with that good, and my poor person, I would be the merriest maiden on ground. And if ye think not yourself so satisfied, or that ye might have much more good, as I have understood by you afore—good, true, and loving Valentine, that ye take no such labour upon you as to come more for that matter but let it pass and never more be spoken of, as I may be your true lover and bedeswoman during my life.

How exquisitely sweet and tender and true this is! It shows that if Professor Saintsbury would take up the scent at this point, he could produce an even more fascinating book made of letters by that innumerable clan, the Unknown.

In a way, it is certain that whoever dabbles in literature is, to some extent, spoiled for letter-writing. Even the simple primitive mind when it has got into the habit of writing for print cannot lay that habit aside when writing for a friend only. Lord Macaulay, from whom one would hardly expect it, gets nearer success in this way than any other, and yet there is just a suspicion of literary artifice. There are many passages in his *History and Essays* in the style of his letter to "Dear Hannah":

She was Walpole's greatest favourite. His *Reminiscences* are addressed to her in terms of the most gallant eulogy. When he was dying at past eighty, he asked her to marry him, merely that he might make her a Countess and leave her his fortune.

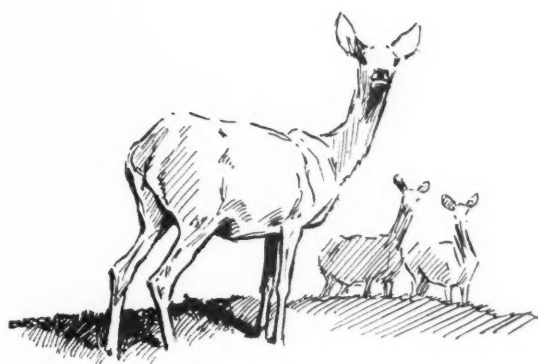
Professor Saintsbury says very properly that women write the best letters and get the best letters written to them, but they differ very much. For instance, one, whom for the sake of convenience we may call Leonora, writes the most delicious prose in print and even a more delicious prose, if we may be excused the "bull," in letters. When she takes pen in hand it is always to give expression to a most original and playful spirit; but another, whom we may call Sophia, friend of Leonora and kindred to her in spirit, a most brilliant writer on the printed page, is invariably commonplace even when her matter has all the elements of emotion in it, when she writes letters. Moreover, she is in the habit of chiding Leonora for wasting, in correspondence, ideas and expressions which she should save for her published work. One writer, as may be seen, concentrates on the work which she hopes, and with good reason, will endure, while she consciously restrains herself from becoming too intense or brilliant in her private letters. The other is not conscious of anything except that she gives her best, whether addressing a multitude or an individual. Here is the more literary mind in the truest sense, because the born writer is ever intent on polishing expression and derives pleasure from mere success in that beautiful art. There is another type utterly different from the two preceding. It is that of one who is constitutionally unable to be her own natural self when the prospect of publication is before her. Only when some great purpose or poignant emotion overwhelms this self-consciousness or pushes it aside is she able to produce the choice English in verse or essay that wins admiration from the elect. When she sits down to write a letter, not only without the fear of print in her heart but with a suspicion that the commonplace individual to whom in all probability it is addressed, far from prizing it as a work of art, will lay it carelessly aside, then she produces English for which one could not find a parallel. One is not so foolish as to say that it excels every other kind of epistolary literature, but that it gives free and frank expression to a most original mind, and also to an inexhaustible fountain of wit, allusion, vivid brief descriptive phrases and other charms that belong to the writer; in a word, she is herself.

There is another species of letter, of which Professor Saintsbury does not give us an example. It is the rhymed epistle, of which the master was Robert Burns:

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
An' down gaed stumple in the ink:
Quoth I, "Before I sleep a wink,
I vow I'll close it;
An' if ye winna mak it clink,
By Jove, I'll prose it!"

It is difficult for most people to write plain prose in as natural a way as that in which they talk, but greater far the achievement of doing this in rhyme. Burns seemed to laugh at the fetters, and his rhymed epistles make one think the measures they are written in had been specially intended to suit his brilliant and pawky muse. The book might have been enriched by a few specimens from his pen. At any rate, they approach literature more nearly than the letters to the newspapers, of which Professor Saintsbury makes a feature. In prose the best equivalent to Burns' letter is to be found in the correspondence of Jane Welsh Carlyle.

P. A. G.



WINTER HUNTING on EXMOOR

with

The Devon and Somerset Staghounds

Illustrated in Colour from Paintings of a recent hunt
by
LIONEL EDWARDS





"She's away!"

WINTER HUNTING ON EXMOOR

THE classics on stag-hunting, although they give much information on both ancient and modern methods of hunting the stag, are singularly reticent on the subject of the chase of the hind. It would be safe to assert that quite half of the visitors who yearly cover the greensward of Cloutsham Ball at the opening meet are quite ignorant of the existence of a sport in which the hind is the quarry. Yet local sportsmen consider hind-hunting and spring stag-hunting the pick of the year's sport. Moreover, year by year it becomes evident that other than "locals" are finding this out; the mid-winter fields are larger than of yore and the "visitor" now appears in considerable numbers for spring stag-hunting. It looks like once again becoming the fashion to finish the season with staghounds, when the fox-catching is nearly over. Hind-hunting has several very obvious advantages over stag-hunting. To begin with, the season of the year is more propitious for sport. There is no sweltering August sun, no flies, no great crowd of people, no choking red dust in the lanes, and no fat old stag whose well filled haunches bear more eloquent testimony to his good living than to his activity and endeavour! Again, the methods of hunting are different. No harbouring is required; no long and weary wait while the tufters endeavour to get their stag away; no further wait while the pack is brought up, and not quite so many of the (to the stranger) inexplicable long conferences among the executive! Whether the hind herself shows better sport than her antlered lord is an open question. She undoubtedly has greater speed and depends more on it than a "warrantable deer." On the other hand, a stag more often makes his point, a hind being inclined to circle like a hare. In fact, one often hears West Country people say that "a hind always comes home to die"

Hind-hunting is certainly productive of more hard days, as a hind will frequently keep going before hounds for three hours or more and not infrequently defeat them in less. All deer depend largely on shifting the burden of the chase on to another and hinds are particularly prone to "running to herd," much trouble and delay being caused when the pack get among a herd in big woodlands. The stag, always a selfish husband, during the summer does his best to substitute his wife as the quarry, but in winter, when herded with his own sex, he takes jolly good care the tables are not turned by his erstwhile spouse and not infrequently male deer may be observed watching unconcernedly the pursuit of their female relatives from a safe distance!

But the greatest difference between hind-hunting and stag-hunting is the weather. Exmoor, warm and still save for the dull boom of distant thunder



The wrong animal.



Back into Horner.

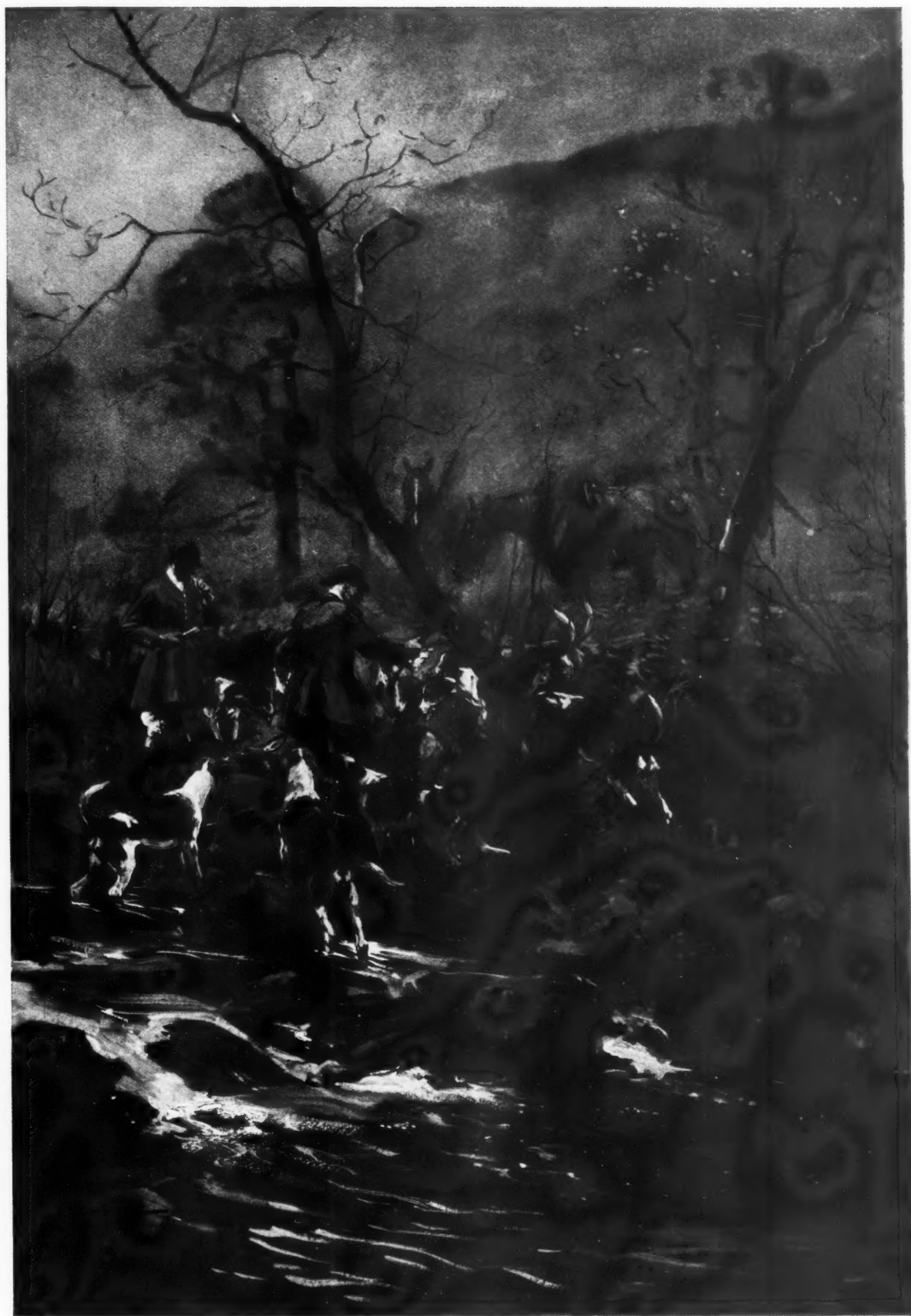
The wrong animal.

(Drake's Guns, the country people call it) under a midsummer sun, becomes a very different place in winter, when all the tiny streams are tumbling rivers, the moor no longer purple, but brown, grey and wet; when the wild west wind sweeps over the open moor and drives against the rain-swept cliffs of Countisbury. Nevertheless, in winter the moor usually carries a scent, which cannot always be said of it in summer time. When the gale is accompanied by hail, the moor is no place for man or beast! Fortunate is he who can get in the lee of a high beech hedge! With clearer skies comes frost, though probably this is less virulent in the west than in the more delectable grass countries. Still, hard frosts are not unknown—nor is snow. The account of the great frost in "Lorna Doone" is probably founded on the awful winters of 1607 or 1676, when frost, starting before Christmas, continued for six weeks, all meat having to be roasted, water being unobtainable, and when the cattle and deer died of starvation. Snow, spreading her white mantle, obliterates all landmarks, and even moor-bred men are apt to lose their way. Only a few years ago a farmer caught in a sudden blizzard was lost within a mile of his house and his body was not found until the thaw, some days later.

On the whole the West Country is distinctly mild in climate and I should think that it would be safe to say that hunting is less often stopped there by frost than anywhere else in the United Kingdom. Against this, however, must be reckoned fog. Great banks of mist come up from the sea and wipe out every familiar feature, deadening sound and enveloping all in their clammy embrace. For days, nay, sometimes weeks, together the fog hangs, until as suddenly dispelled by some quickening breeze.

The enthusiasm of the West Countryman for the chase (particularly of deer—rather than fox) is well known, and the question "have 'ee killed?" is asked by everyone that you meet on your return journey. The question would sound better if it were "have 'ee had good sport?" but that is really what is meant, and probably the phrasing is not unconnected with the thoughts of venison!

The thing that always strikes a stranger is the extraordinary way in which additions to the field apparently drop from the clouds. It is even more noticeable when hind-hunting than during the pursuit of the stag. It is not quite such a busy time of the year for the farmer, and the fraternity comes out in force, many of them on grass-fed cobs, unclipped, or on trace-clipped milk ponies, all with a dash of "blood" in them—and can't they gallop! Their enthusiastic masters have a long score to settle with the deer, so that they are all out for blood. In fact, it is invariably the holloa of some hard-riding farmer that is the undoing of her ladyship, the hind! I remember how the relentless manner in which some farmers rode the deer caused a fox-hunting visitor to remark sarcastically, "hounds seem to be rather a superfluous adjunct to the chase in these parts!" The end in hind-hunting is less dramatic and more sudden than in stag-hunting.



The Mort (Stoke Combe).

There is no lordly antlered beast at bay, with head erect, surrounded by the eager, clamouring pack. A hind cannot defend herself, except by shrewd kicks, and is usually bowled over like a fox, or more often drowned in some rushing stream.

But, though the end may be less dramatic, it by no means falls short in artistic setting. The cabbage greens of summer have gone, replaced by the sombre tints of purple and brown; the swollen, turbid flood in the foreground, the dripping hounds, the dead hind, the scarlet coat of the huntsman, standing out with startling distinctness against the russet bracken, the sombre woods behind, all enveloped in the gloom of a fast-fading winter's day, form a whole impossible for the writer and difficult for the artist to portray.

In conclusion, a word as to the pictures. The artist has portrayed a hunt whose meet one can almost guess, on what is evidently a hounds', not a rider's, day. The find evidently was in Sweetery, above Cloutsham, as we see the hind, away with two couple in close attendance up the steep side above Sweetacombe, while Ernest in his apparently reckless fashion, with eyes only on his hounds, gallops down a steepish place!

Then our hind must apparently have slipped through Bagley Combe and away as if for "the moor"; changing her mind, I take it, she came right round the shoulder of Dunkery, and the pace must have been hot, for we see her again already a beaten hind in "Back into Horner." She is crossing the road to Cloutsham by the wind-swept thorns near Webber's Post. Apparently, in the bottom she doubled and lay fast in Allercombe, for we see the whip stopping hounds off a stag in another picture. Finally, fresh found, she must have made a last bid for life down Horner, then backed it up Stoke Combe, and lain fast again. Fresh found once more, she was rushed down to the water and killed, the final scene which we see in "The Mort."

ANISEED.



THE CHESTERFIELD HOUSE COLLECTION OF PICTURES

BY TANCRED BORENIUS.

THE collection of pictures at Chesterfield House may be described as falling into two main groups. One is formed of pictures which used to belong to the late Marquess of Clanricarde, while the other is composed of paintings which have been acquired by Viscount Lascelles. Lord Clanricarde took a keen interest in pictures, and for certain schools and periods he possessed expert knowledge of no mean order; as a result of personal contact with him at the Burlington Fine Arts Club I can bear witness to this from my own experience. I often used to think that if it had been possible for Lord Clanricarde to avail himself of Mr. Wells' time machine, and thus find himself transported among the connoisseurs of a hundred years ago, it would probably have been easier for him to indulge in an exchange of opinions in such a company than among present-day experts; for the period about 1800 always struck me as the age of connoisseurship in which he really lived. On subjects, then much to the fore, about which many of us to-day know very little, Lord Clanricarde knew a great deal; and he spared no trouble in his quest for information, undertaking even long journeys for the purpose of elucidating some specific point. Lord Clanricarde's interests as a collector of pictures centred perhaps chiefly on a number of Dutch seventeenth century masters, of whose work many interesting specimens may be seen at Chesterfield House; but through inheritance he was also the possessor of some English eighteenth century paintings of the highest importance, such as Gainsborough's exquisite half-length portrait of George Canning as a boy, or Sir Joshua's portrait of Mrs. Hardinge, of which we give a reproduction. The fair sitter is seen in a setting of

woodland scenery, caressing her dog; the picture is a marvel of delicate treatment, and singularly engaging and sympathetic in its interpretation of character. Sir Joshua painted this portrait in 1778, for Georgina, Lady Peachey, subsequently, in 1794, Lady Selsey; and it was on the death of her granddaughter, the Hon. Mrs. Leveson Vernon, that it was inherited by her cousin, the first Marquess of Clanricarde.

Lord Lascelles himself has, as a collector, chiefly gone in for works of the Italian and Spanish schools; although fine works of other schools have also been added to the collection, such as Rubens' gorgeous composition, "Queen Tomyris with the Head of Cyrus," which now occupies an ideal place on the staircase at Chesterfield House. Primitive as well as later masters of the Florentine, Sienese and Venetian schools are excellently represented in the collection. Within the limits of a brief article it would be impossible to deal adequately with all these works and a bare enumeration would become tedious, so I will mainly confine myself to remarks on a few of the gems of the collection here reproduced. That delightful early Venetian master, Cima da Conegliano (1459-60—1517-8), is represented by a particularly attractive example, "St. Jerome in his Solitude." Cima was an artist with a response to the charm of landscape which was much in advance of his time, and the subject of the present picture is practically a landscape, the scenery being here, as usually with Cima, unmistakably suggestive of that round the artist's native city, Conegliano, which stands on one of the last spurs of the Alps bordering the great Friulan plain to the North of Venice—a motive closely akin to that which we see in the left middle distance of the



"MRS HARDINGE," BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.



"ST. JEROME IN HIS SOLITUDE," BY CIMA DA CONEGLIANO.



A NIGHT SCENE BY GRECO.

picture; indeed, the landscape here strikes one as a kind of epitome of that which meets the eye as one looks towards the Adriatic from the hills which fringe the Friulan plain. The colouring is of a delightful, crystalline clearness, with an effect of early dawn exquisitely suggested in the sky above the distant sea; and the flowers, trees and shrubs in the foreground are painted with a delicacy and sensitiveness which are typical of the artist, who is easily the most distinguished among the closer followers of Giovanni Bellini, and among whose finest works this charming country idyll must undoubtedly be counted.

Titian is represented in Lord Lascelles' collection by two works: one, a subtle and powerful portrait of François I, which is placed over the mantelpiece in the noble library at Chesterfield House; and the other the great picture of the "Death of Actæon," which now has a wall to itself in the large dining-room. Diana is seen in the foreground of a woodland scenery, crossed by a stream, swiftly moving forward, as she lets loose an arrow from her bow; further back, her hounds are making a furious onslaught on the unfortunate Actæon, whose head has been transformed into that of a stag. The picture is full

of the Earl of Darnley at Cobham Hall, has now crossed the Atlantic and at present adorns the magnificent gallery of pictures belonging to Mrs. J. L. Gardner of Boston. A small copy of this picture is still in the Wallace Collection, in which Sir Claude Phillips was able to identify, at the time of the rearrangement of the collection as a public museum, that superb example of Titian's late manner, "Perseus and Andromeda," which figures in the list of pictures by Titian sent to the King of Spain and which at the present moment can be seen as never before in the big, newly hung Room XVI at Hertford House. But the greatest fame of all attaches perhaps to the two pictures now in the collection of the Earl of Ellesmere at Bridgewater House, one representing Diana and Callisto, the other Diana and her nymphs surprised by Actæon—the opening incident thus of the story of which Lord Lascelles' picture shows the tragic conclusion. In the letter to Philip II, in which he announces the completion of the two last-mentioned works, Titian calls them "the two *poesie*"—or "painted poems" as it has been translated—a phrase which admirably describes the imaginative character of these compositions. Lord Lascelles



TITIAN'S "DEATH OF ACTÆON."

of that intense, passionate romanticism which finds expression in the work of Titian's old age—that marvellous autumn of his life, in which his technique became increasingly bolder and the sweep of his line even more superb than before. During these years he worked much for Philip II of Spain; in a letter of 1559 to that monarch Titian refers to a painting of "Actæon torn by his hounds," which in all probability is this very picture, though it seems it never was delivered to the king. The series of mythological compositions—all more or less of the same size—to which this picture belongs includes some of Titian's most famous masterpieces. Only one of the series is, however, at the present moment in Spain, namely, the picture representing Adonis tearing himself loose from the embrace of Venus. The original version of this composition now hangs in the Gallery of the Prado at Madrid, but visitors to the National Gallery can form an idea of that work from the fine replica of it which is at Trafalgar Square. The whole of the remainder of the series was, until a few years ago, to be found in various English collections, and the majority still is; but one of the most beautiful examples in it, the "Rape of Europa," formerly in the collection

picture and the two now at Bridgewater House at one time formed part of the famous Orleans Collection, formed by the Regent of France in the first half of the eighteenth century and dispersed by public and private sale in England about 1800.

The great link between the schools of Venice and Spain is, as is well known, Greco (c. 1545-1614)—born at Crete, trained in Venice and subsequently settled in Spain. Lord Lascelles possesses a very fine example by Greco, with a subject of striking novelty: a night-scene with a group, consisting of a man, a woman and a monkey, the whole lit by the glow of a piece of burning charcoal from which the woman is in the act of lighting a candle. The accompanying monochrome reproduction suggests something of the extreme delicacy with which a peculiar effect of illumination is carried out in this picture; but it is, nevertheless, but a shadow of a work in which the magic glow of the colouring and the extreme beauty of the handling of paint are equally marvellous. It is a work which once seen can never be forgotten, a creation of absolutely haunting power; an anticipation of Rembrandt, if you like, but more mysterious and more fantastic, for all its apparent simplicity.

THE BRAMHAM MOOR HUNT

JOINT MASTERS, LORD LASCELLES AND COLONEL G. R. LANE-FOX.

THE Bramham Moor has three large towns—Harrogate, Leeds and York—within its borders. The Harrogate side sends out the largest fields, and it is in this part of the country that Harewood House is situated; moreover, the country round is as good as any in the Hunt, and Lord Harewood's woodlands, especially Swindon Wood, hold foxes, are well rided and easy to get about and to get away from. Although Princess Mary's first home will not be in the Bramham Moor Hunt, Goldsborough Hall, her new residence is on the Bramham borders and, in these days of motors, quite a comfortable distance from the Bramham Moor meets. Princess Mary, who has all Queen Alexandra's love of and interest in dogs and horses, will certainly take a delight in the famous pack of which Lord Lascelles is joint Master with Colonel Lane-Fox. He is the first of his family since 1848 to take an active interest in the Hunt. Although the Lascelles family have always kept foxes for the Hunt, Lord Lascelles has not been much at home hitherto, but he is a warm supporter of the Hunt, which owes its existence to the Lane-Fox and Lascelles families. At the present time the support of a liberal and wealthy Yorkshireman is most valuable to the Hunt. The joint Mastership is very popular with the members and preserves the time-honoured traditions of the Hunt. Yorkshire has always been one of the most conscientiously hunted counties in England, and it is fitting that the Princess, who is an enthusiast, should find herself in such enthusiastic company. The Bramham Moor country has long been famed for its pack of hounds, and as a hunting country it offers to hounds most of those difficulties that bring out the strong points of the foxhound. This part of Yorkshire has a variety of soils underlying grass, plough and woodland, so that the quality of the scent is always liable to change. I should call it, for this reason, rather a difficult than a bad scenting country. The Bramham Moor requires—as, indeed, all Yorkshire hunting countries do—the best of hunters. When I say "hunter," I mean a horse thoroughly suitable in make and shape to follow hounds, one that has been thoroughly trained, and a bold horse with blood and courage that can face any country. Not many hunters have been or are bred in the Bramham Moor country, but their neighbours of the Holderness and the Middleton can supply their wants. For the deep, strongly fenced corner of the Bramham Moor, which lies in the Liberty of the Ainsty, no horse can be too stout.

Our first portrait is that of the joint Master, Colonel G. R. Lane-Fox, on Viceroy. Colonel Lane-Fox's forbears founded the Hunt, and a late Master, his grandfather, Mr. George Lane-Fox, was acknowledged to be one of the finest judges of a hound in England. His was a familiar face and figure at the Peterborough Hound Show. Colonel Lane-Fox, who has carried on through bad times, has in

Viceroy the type of horse which "Brooksby" (Captain Pennell Elmhurst) described many years ago as being suitable for the Bramham Moor country. "Hock and quarters, back and ribs are the cardinal points of a hunter for this country. If he can add pace and shoulders then he is fit to go anywhere in the world." And to this description Viceroy answers. A short-backed horse with plenty of heart room and well ribbed up, he looks like staying through the clays for ever. Possibly he is named Viceroy because no one can take precedence of him. Ted Short, the huntsman, has had plenty of varied experience and had his earlier training under the late Mr. Lane-Fox. Short's first place as a whipper-in was at Bramham Moor: for four seasons as second and then for two seasons as first. Then he had six seasons under one of the first huntsmen of our day—Bailey of the Essex; then came the Puckeridge huntsman's place. With Mr. Barclay over the Puckeridge ploughs he learned a lot about hound-breeding. In Cheshire he handled hounds with credit in a grass country with a big crowd behind him, and now he is and has been for some seasons hunting the Bramham Moor. When we have looked at these Bramham Hunt horses we shall see that the Hunt servants are well mounted

for their work. The Deemster, on which the huntsman is mounted, is a charming horse, with scope and substance which also shows a fine quality. The huntsman's other horse, Sir John, is exactly the sort of horse that I should like to have a ride on; full of sense, he looks as if he could hunt hounds by himself.

When the first whipper-in has to stop hounds or turn them, Sandpiper has just that turn of speed which the whipper-in needs, and would turn like a polo pony. But in the woodlands, when the whipper-in's work is hard and anxious, what better could we wish for him than Substitute to stay through the work which, for the horse as for his rider, is sure to be hard? The stud groom, too, deserves credit for the hard muscle these horses carry. They will not stop for want of condition.

The Bramham Moor pack are not only one of the most noted packs of hounds in England, but they are, for reasons to be named hereafter, one of the most interesting. I think it will be observed by any judge of foxhounds that the portraits of hounds given here represent a pack with an especial character and type of their own, that they are light, remarkably full of quality, and with a great appearance of speed and activity. Now we know that the Bramham Moor is not, as a whole, an easy scenting country for hounds, therefore hounds to kill foxes in it must have good noses and the pace (if we may use the expression) to keep up with their noses. It is, in a moderate scenting country, a great point to have hounds which can run faster than the scent fades, and thus driven forward, make a run out of slight materials.

But the development of the Bramham Moor pack has been guided by men who



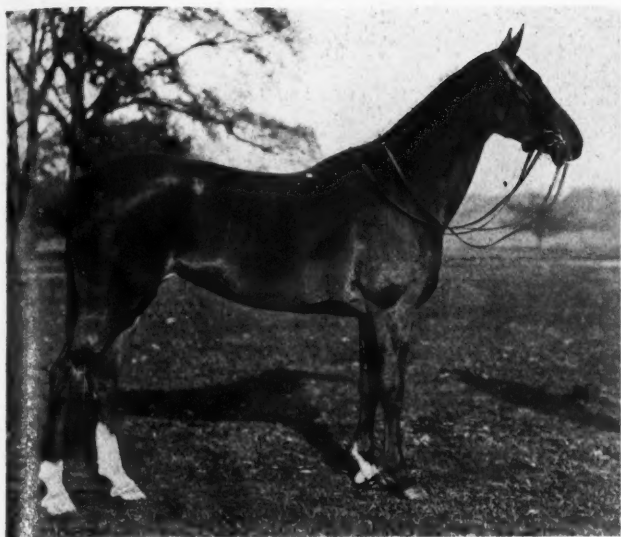
COLONEL G. R. LANE-FOX ON VICEROY.



W. A. Rouch.

THE HUNTSMAN ON DEEMSTER.

Copyright.



ANNIE AND SIR JOHN, WHICH ARE BOTH RIDDEN BY THE HUNTSMAN.



TWO OF THE FIRST WHIP'S MOUNTS, SANDPIPER AND SUBSTITUTE.



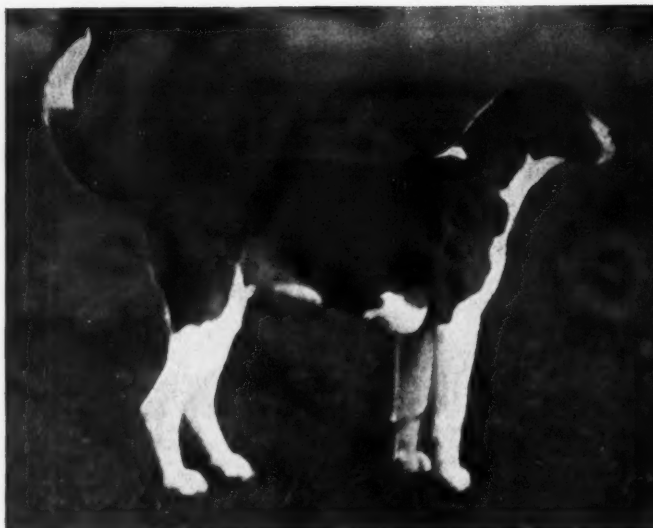
W. A. Rouch. BELLAGIO, RIDDEN BY THE FIRST WHIP.

MRS. LANE-FOX'S KEEPSAKE.

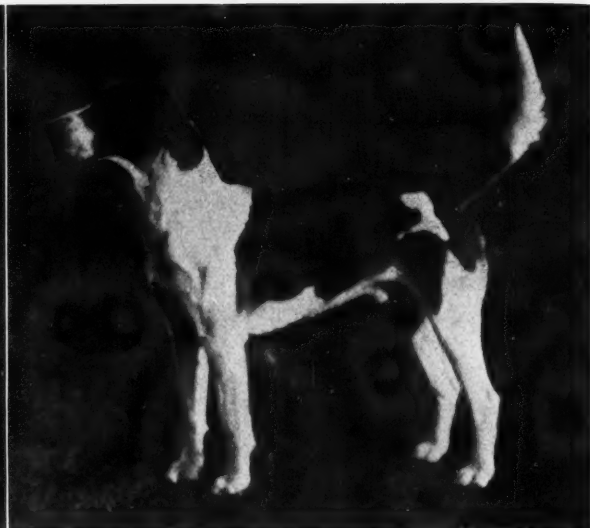
Copyright.

were born and bred in the country. Of these the three Lane-Fox Masters and the Lord Harewood, who was Master from 1821 to 1848, were admirable judges of hounds. The records I have before me, although not quite complete, show that, generally speaking, the method adopted has been to introduce as far as possible the blood of all the most notable hounds of each successive period, and then, a good foundation having thus been laid, from time to time some great hound has

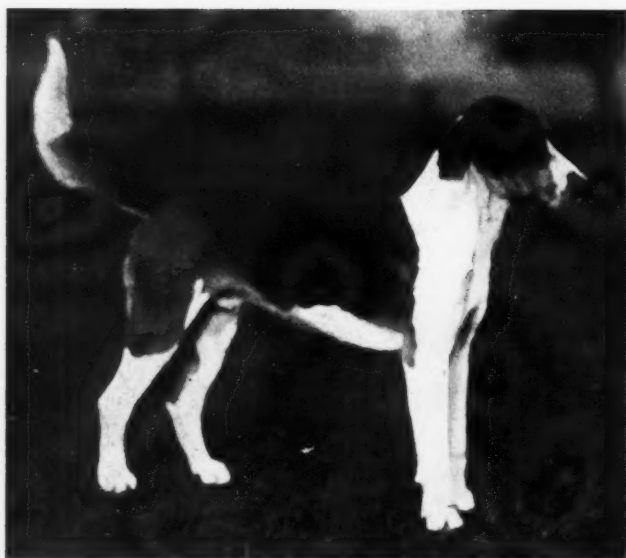
been bred at Bramham, by which the pack has been, as it were, remade. Then there are periods when very little outside blood has been used and the occupants of the kennel are home bred; but about every three years or so there has been a recourse to Belvoir and Brocklesby stallion hounds, and this has been done with such fine judgment that the pack has been improved until it is one of the best in England. The first great event in the history of the breeding of the



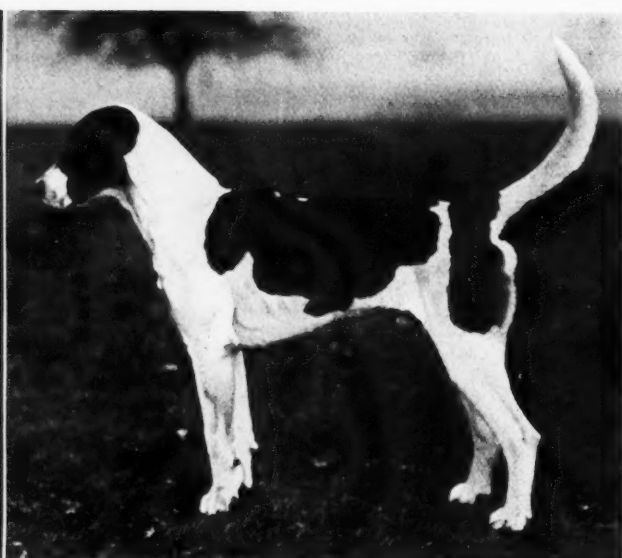
ACTRESS.



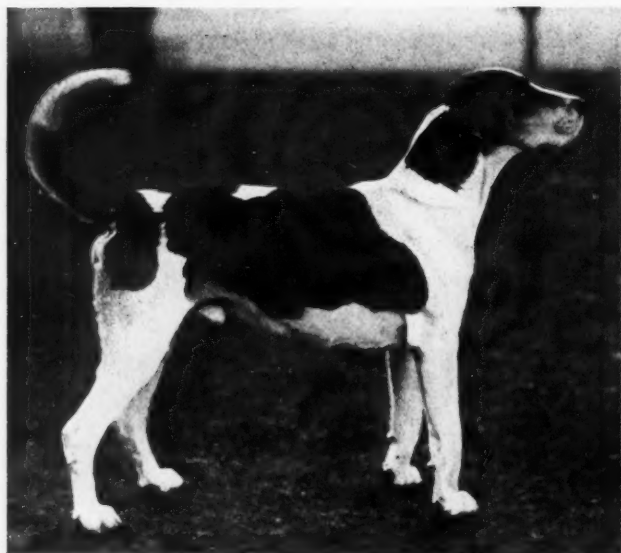
ACROBAT.



VALESMAN.

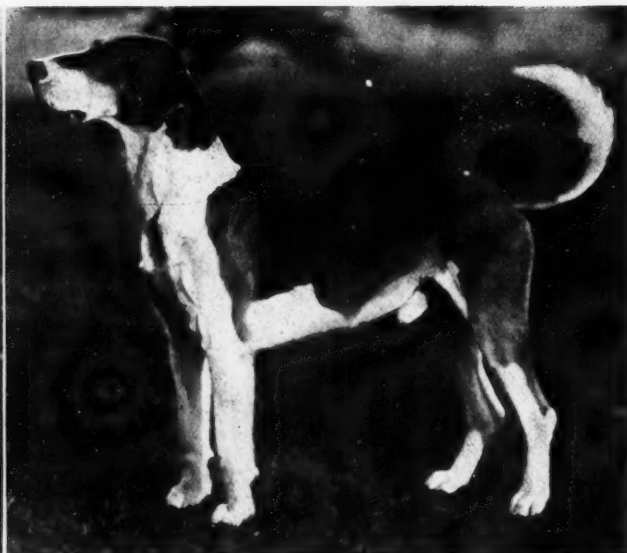


SOLOMON.



W.A. Rouch.

HARLEQUIN.



RAYMOND.

Copyright.

Bramham Moor was when Lord Harewood, who had introduced much Brocklesby blood previously, bred from a hound of Lord Yarborough's named Dashwood. Dashwood was by a noted Brocklesby sire, Druid, of Milton descent, and Dashwood's dam was Fairmaid, one of the only two litters from Osbaldeston's Furrier (who, as everyone knows, ended his days at Brocklesby) which were bred by Smith, Lord Yarborough's

hunter. When Mr. George Lane-Fox, notably one of the best judges of a hound of his day, succeeded Lord Harewood in the Mastership he continued to use Dashwood until the kennels at Bramham Moor contained no fewer than twenty-five couple of Dashwoods, of which the bitches were of great value; and this infusion of the Furrier blood—which proved so invaluable to Brocklesby and through the Brocklesby Rallywood

to Belvoir and the foxhounds of to-day—thus came into the Bramham Moor. The next important outcross, and one of which I fancy I can see marked traces in the Bramham Moor hounds of to-day, was with Lord Henry Bentinck's strain. We are sometimes asked where the famous Bentinck blood has gone to. It is as well represented at Bramham Moor as anywhere, for Mr. G. Lane-Fox used Lord Henry's famous sires Comus, Contest and Champion freely. In 1862 Belvoir Rallywood made his first appearance in the Bramham Moor hound lists. From that time on the story of the building up of the pack is the account of the way in which four fine strains of foxhound blood—the Belvoir, Brocklesby, Milton and Bentinck—are woven together and blended into that Bramham Moor sort, which is known wherever foxhounds are valued, for they are, above all things, a working pack, full of a certain characteristic activity and grace.

Turning now to the hounds selected for illustration. First there is Solomon, whose sire is by the Belvoir Chorister and his dam by Senator, one of the best foxhounds ever bred at Bramham, on his paternal granddam's side bringing in the blood of Grove Harkaway. Valesman goes back to Stormer and has two crosses of Belvoir Dexter. The descendants of Belvoir Dexter and Vagabond "nick" wonderfully when mated. Belvoir Vagabond was a great hound in his work, and his descendant Valesman looks, like his ancestor, to be a great fox-catcher. Harlequin, descended from Brocklesby Wrangler, the Grafton Woodman, and with four crosses of the Belvoir Dexter, and a grandson of Senator, is showing himself well for his picture, so that we can appreciate his neck and shoulders and

his depth; he has, too, plenty of bone and, in addition to the look of distinctive quality characteristic of the kennel, he has a great look of intelligence, is an exceptionally brilliant foxhound, and has sired some good-looking stock. Raymond is even more powerful, but otherwise with the same fine qualities as Harlequin. Both these hounds look like carrying on the Bramham Moor sort into future generations.

Acrobat, Ardent and Actress were all prize-winners at the puppy show. They are all three by Brocklesby dogs—Acrobat by Albert, and the two bitches by Alderman. In the Bramham Moor hounds we note the advantages of a continuity of policy in breeding foxhounds. Since 1848, three generations of the Lane-Fox family, who were all devoted to hounds and studied their breeding, have controlled the Bramham Moor hounds. There was first Mr. George Lane-Fox (1848-96), an outstanding figure among hound breeders of our time. His son was the father of the present Master, for whom hound breeding is an especial hobby, and to whom I am indebted for many valuable criticisms and suggestions. With some diffidence I have attributed the lightness, activity and freedom of the Bramham Moor to the Bentinck blood. It was one of their ancestors, Lord Henry Bentinck's Contest, which was never known to creep through but always to leap over his fences. Beautiful as these hounds are, the men who have bred and formed the pack have never forgotten the qualities needed for a Bramham hound, with the result that, whatever the country, be it good or bad, whatever the scent as long as it serves at all, it is impossible for anyone who loves hounds and their work to have a dull moment with the Bramham Moor.

THE SOJOURNER IN DELLEEN POOL

By F. E. CLIFTON.

THE Spey in June ran low and clear. The bright and steady sunshine, where not intercepted by the new foliage of birch, beech and willow, and the evergreen of the fir bordering the salmon beats, increased an angler's difficulties still further. As the days went on the fish, known by the gillies to be lying in the pools, grew very wary of any lure offered them. The odds seemed to be, almost entirely, in favour of the fish and against the fisherman.

With others of his craft, the angler of this story suffered the blankness of sport the fine weather created. For four days in succession, on the pools of the Upper Aberlour beat on the Spey, the angler had, like Simon Peter, "gone a-fishing" and toiled industriously, patiently and skilfully. But, again like the fisherman saint of Galilee, he had "caught nothing."

As he left the house on the fifth day he was pleasantly, but pointedly, reminded of the complete failure of his piscatorial arts by being informed that the last of the salmon the larder could produce was in the sandwiches he carried for his lunch at the waterside. He smiled, and took with him his short spinning-rod as well as his fly-rod; also, he added a little bottle of pinkish-looking things to his kit. That done, he set off on the sunlit path to where the Spey flowed musically through the freshly robed woods.

We come now to the second leading actor in the story. Lying in the beautiful pool of Delleen, on the Upper Aberlour stretch of the Spey, was a lusty, finely shaped, clean-run, silver-clad grilse. Balzac, it is said, used to write out fully the past history of his characters, whether he intended to use that past history in his final narrative or not. Our grilse had seen quite a large portion of life and water since his birth away up Spey in some pleasant, sunny, gravelly pool through which a

steady, quiet current streamed. From an egg he had passed to the stage of an exceedingly minute fish, had kept his place in existence by dodging discreetly and alertly the many perils which beset him and his innumerable tiny brethren, and, all the time, had gone on growing rapidly in size, strength, cunning and beauty until he reached the "parr" grade.

Better able to take care of himself, he, nevertheless, made mistakes. Jumping, one day, as was his custom, at the many flies which floated on the sunlit surface of the run he then frequented, he noticed two curiously coloured and strangely fashioned insects whose movements were different from those he knew. Instantly suspicious, but interested, he followed the two alien flies round. Suddenly their downward movement was checked and they seemed to be on the point of moving

sharply up-stream. Escaping things have a curious fascination for the creatures of the wild. Darting swiftly forward, the little fish seized the nearest fly as it left the surface of the pool. Next moment there was a rough jerk, and the parr found himself flopping feebly on the hot stones well up the bank where the backward cast of the line had pitched him. A big shadow fell over him, he was picked up, the sharp, hard thing in his jaw was withdrawn, and, once again, he found himself flying through the air. If he had known the meaning of the noise he heard he would have understood that a "Hang these smolts!" followed him. As it was, he hit the water with a violence that stunned him, and for a moment or two he rolled helplessly, showing his white underside. But he was a sturdy little fish by this stage, and presently he recovered from his terrible experience. After that, however, he was, unlike some of his fellows, wrier than ever of the lures offered by the big shadows which prowled on the banks



WHICH FLY?

of the stream. Still the smolt grew, and, as autumn came, came also to him, as to other of the salmon folk, the irresistible call seawards. Down the river he worked his way, avoiding or surmounting danger after danger. As he went there travelled with him many others, large and small, of his kindred. Through the brackish water to the salt waters of the Moray Firth he journeyed.

In the sea were new perils and a new life. His appetite, which he had lost when the call of the sea first came, returned to him, and he fed ravenously on the new provender the sea generously provided. More rapidly than ever his growth increased until, when that unexplainable longing for the pools of the rivers of their birth, which recalls the salmon tribes to the fresh waterways, touched him also, he was, by the time he returned to the Spey, a fine grilse of about five pounds, well able to take care of himself.

Past dangers and over obstacles he swam his way powerfully, until he lay resting a little while in the beautiful pool of Delleen. Round him, over him, the world was responding to the ancient love-call. Confidence was in him, experience was his. Presently he would journey higher still and, finding his fitting mate, a gravel-scooped nest in some suitable stretch of the river would see the old drama re-staged. But, for the time, he was a sojourner in Delleen Pool.

Meanwhile the angler of our story had reached the river. The day was bright and warm. The river looked lower and the country lovelier than ever. The fisherman passed Polshewan,



WADING CIRCUMSPECTLY IN THE RAPID "NECK" CURRENT.

a deep pool at a quick bend of the Spey, as unsuited meantime for his purpose. Three more pools also he passed, but at Gean Tree Pool the angler paused meditatively. Finally he decided against fishing here, although he had done well enough at this pool on other occasions. Two more pools were rejected, but at Delleen the angler commenced to fish. Delleen is a wide pool and, towards the left bank, opposite to which the angler was fishing, very deep. Trees screened the top of the pool from the sun, trees crowned the high bank opposite the fisherman, and trees, from beyond which came the scent of a clover field, were at the angler's back.

The angler started to fish the pool with his fly-rod. Besides the grilse of our story there were several other fish in the pool, and two of them obligingly "inspected" the flies offered them, "Lemon Grey" and a "Sheriff's Officer," but did not take hold. Ap-

parently the fifth day was to be a repetition of the blankness of the previous four as regards sport. The fisherman changed his tactics. Taking the spinning-rod to which was fitted a "Malloch" reel with a fine line, he mounted a sea-trout strength cast and, on a single small-sized hook, he impaled one of the pinky shrimps he had brought with him. He also fixed to his cast a tiny lead, but, finding in a little while that this was catching on obstacles in the river, he discarded it and let the shrimp find its own level. For a time there was no result from the altered strategy. Patiently the wading fisherman worked the top of the pool until he came opposite where the current



SPINNING-ROD IN ACTION.

swung well into the bank over from him. Suddenly the course of the line was impeded. Was it some obstacle in the river bed or—?

"Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad," says the proverb, and it is never safe for the wild creatures to indulge in powerful emotion to the temporary suspension of cautious instinct. The grilse, resting in Delleen on his way to that noble mate and the wonderful gravel nest in the pool up-stream, saw the pinkish object come down on the current. Suspicious of it, he let it pass. Some wayward twitch of the current sent the shrimp, gently enough, against the silver side of the fish. Forgetting caution, and irritated to some degree, the grilse turned sharply and held the pink object in his jaws. Next second he realised his blunder. Some dim memory of his parr days may have been awakened by the touch of the concealed hook, and he hesitated. At the same moment the angler tightened the line, and the battle between fish and fisherman was joined. The grilse fought fiercely. Well fed, vigorous from his sea experience, he



A CLEAN-RUN GRILSE OF FIVE POUNDS.

the gillie admiringly as he withdrew the hook. That was the epitaph of the Sojourner of Delleen Pool.

charged about the pool in short, frantic rushes. The tension on his jaw never relaxed. Once he jumped wildly and splendidly clear of the water. Quietly the tip of the rod dipped, and the restriction was still on when the fish reached the water again. All this fury of fight was telling on the lusty fish. Fear that he would not secure his freedom was troubling him as well. The distance from the source of the fine line which held him was less now. He realised suddenly that there were shadows on the bank of the river. Exhausted and disheartened, he was compelled to come into the shallower water of the pool. Then there was a swift gleam in the bright sunlight. Next second the fish was gasping and flopping on the warm pebbles at the margin of Delleen. But his experience as a parr was not repeated. He was not lifted and hurled back into the cool water of the river. Something heavy struck his shapely head, and the lusty life shuddered out of him.

"A bonny, clean-run grilse," said

THE HORSE—A WEAPON

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR J. MOORE, K.C.M.G., C.B., F.R.C.V.S.

IN the discussion arising out of a lecture given recently at the Royal United Service Institution by Brigadier-General G. A. Weir, Lieutenant-General Sir A. Godley, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army on the Rhine, speaking in the light of his experience as a mounted infantryman, stated that the best weapon of mounted infantry was the horse. It did not matter a great deal, added the General, what a man carried in his hand, be it rifle, bayonet, sword or lance, the essential factor for "getting there" was the combination of a good horse and a determined rider.

An equally striking statement was made by Major-General W. D. Bird, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., in an article printed last year in the Cavalry Journal. He wrote: "Nevertheless it is generally agreed that the horse, not the Cavalryman, did dominate war during many centuries, for it was the horse, with a rider, that often lent decisive power. It may surely be claimed, therefore, that it was the horse, not the 'moral threat' that proved the most powerful weapon of Cavalry, even as recently as the campaign of 1918 in Palestine."

Such pronouncements from such eminent and experienced military authorities will be received with very great satisfaction by all those who have the interests of the army horse at heart. More fitting words could hardly have been spoken or written, and if they are true in respect to mounted infantry, how much truer and how much more applicable they are to the cavalry arm in which man and horse are more closely allied. They sound a necessary note of encouragement to our mounted branches in upholding and defending an implement of war which has stood the test of 2,500 years, and they also mark a degree of warning to partisans of radical change who are apt to allow their better judgment to be overclouded by the complexity of their ideas.

Speaking generally, there is no doubt that the command of all the most useful animals of the world, which the Allies possessed during the late war, was a large asset in determining the result of that war in their favour. On the other hand the resources of the Central Powers in horses were exhausted, and in consequence Germany stood absolutely no chance of winning a protracted war of unusual severity. To my mind this aspect of the war has not been realised to the full, or if realised, it has not been sufficiently appreciated. Ludendorff's "Memoirs" and captured enemy documents, however, make it quite clear that Germany was very greatly and painfully at a disadvantage in her inability to replace the animal casualties of her armies and thereby to maintain the fighting efficiency of her troops. In other words, and on broad lines, the Allies had in the facility for supply of remounts a powerful and far-reaching weapon to ensure success.

For our victory we therefore owe a deep debt to our four-footed comrades, and I think it will be agreed that they earned for themselves "a place in the sun" as instruments of war. The numbers participating in the war ran into millions. On the Western Front alone approximately 750,000 took part in the operations of the British Expeditionary Force; the total

purchases by our Remount Service amounted to roughly a million and a quarter, while the French Armies, starting the war with a mobilization complement of approximately 790,000, by November, 1917, had purchased 1,188,000 from abroad in addition to a very thorough requisition at home. Even in a comparatively small frontier expedition in India the requirements in animals of all kinds may run to from 40,000 to 70,000.

Looking at the question, however, in a narrower or more individual light, how may it be conceived that horses are weapons? Would it be reasonable to assume that animals used for purposes of transport are weapons, or can such designation only be claimed for animals of fighting units which are used as pawns in the actual conflict of battle as instanced in the rôle of cavalry. I think that both cases apply, for the reason that manœuvre, in which animals play so prominent a part, is equally, if not more, important in war than the actual struggle in the grips.

Doubtless it will be argued that the majority of animals used in transport are far removed from battle areas, and that their consideration as weapons is of a remote nature. It may further be argued that animals for land transportation can be and have been replaced considerably by mechanical means, and that it would be ludicrous to class the railway trains and motor lorries of the late war as weapons. Certainly that is so, but the fact remains all the same that the fundamental and essential basis of land transportation and particularly of Field units is animal transport. The books of War Establishments prove it. It has ever been so, and no radical departure from this fact is at present apparent, no matter what the expression of equivalents in Mechanical Transport may be. It would be idle to frame our future Army Transport organisation entirely on the static and stalemate experience of the war in France and Belgium, where mechanical arrangements were so much in evidence; but to meet the purposes of a war of manœuvre, and particularly in theatres where poor road and rail facilities exist, it is certain that the animal for transport will be found indispensable and that place for him will be made in preparatory arrangements accordingly. On the frontiers of India, in the absence of railways and roads, animal transport is the common form, and the class of animal employed is not only in accordance with resources, but is determined by the nature of the terrain to be traversed.

Living in a mechanical age, and with the impetus which the late war has given to all mechanical means, we are apt in the Army to think only in terms of motor contrivances, and the breach is widened by the fact that there are so many officers and men who have no knowledge whatever of animals; to whom a horse is a fearsome thing, inconvenient, and behind the times. Because we see so many motor cars and motor vehicles of all sorts on the streets and roads, it cannot be inferred that the day of the horse is over, and it must be acknowledged that the present time is not favourable for estimating the future potentialities of supply. We are suffering greatly from depletion,

and time must be allowed for recovery. The farm horse is unquestionably coming into his own again, and when war profits have been dissipated through extravagance and a high income tax, and trade generally follows a normal level, the need for economy will reveal the industrial and general utility horse in a fair proportion of his former numbers. There are certainly many aspects favourable to the revival of the horse industry in our islands. A return of the pre-war system of delivery of shop goods by horse-van, and the discontinuance of the obligation imposed on housekeepers during the war to convey their purchases home, is one direction in which the production of light draught horses would be stimulated.

Let us now come closer to the consideration of the horse as an actual weapon in war. Being an officer of an administrative Service, unversed in the science and art of war, it is, perhaps, presumption on my part to speak or write on the subject of tactics, weapons, or on matters which more fitly belong to the realm of the fighting man; but from experience and association one forms ideas of war in the abstract, and, naturally, these ideas assume the particular when the immediate subject or object of one's own study comes under consideration.

The value of the horse as a weapon in shock tactics is quite easily understood. In the ability to manoeuvre and for the success of the same he stands pre-eminent. Fast-moving, silent under individual movement, whether by night or by day, elusive, capable of deployment, he has all the elements for surprise. History of war from time immemorial clearly bears testimony to it. Compare this with the noise attending the movement of all mechanically propelled contrivances; take even into consideration the dust which a fast-moving body of horse under certain circumstances will occasion, and it must be acknowledged that for manoeuvre the horse holds his own. There is also great advantage in the divisibility of a unit into the smallest ultimate fraction for the success of elusion and surprise. The knock-out of a tank conveying several men and guns is much more serious to the success of manoeuvre than the loss of the smaller element of a man and horse. One is reminded of the serious comparative loss in carrying power of transport or in the traction of heavy artillery in the old days of the elephant in India when one of their number was incapacitated or died. The distances successfully covered by horses in war are remarkable. Here are just a few of them:

(a) 10th Cavalry Brigade of the 4th Cavalry Division in Palestine—70 and 80 miles from Selme orange groves to Beisan in 35 hours, the total casualties evacuated to the Mobile Veterinary Section at the end of the period being only 15, and this after a month in the Jordan Valley and night marches aggregating 65 miles to the point of concentration.

(b) Plumer's Rhodesia Regiment in March, 1900—70 miles in 26 hours, commencing 4.30 p.m. from Pitsani Potlugo towards Zeerust into the Transvaal with a sweeping movement for return, not a single man or horse dropping out, although the reconnaissance was carried out in the height of the horse-sickness season. [Ponies 14.1 to 14.3.]

(c) Redvers Buller's Bechuanaland Field Force—70 miles in 22 hours from 1 a.m. to 11 p.m. over a rough, hilly country. [Ponies 14.2 to 14.3.]

(d) 155 Syrian ponies of the 19th Hussars from January to March, 1885, on the Desert Column from Korti to Metammah—40 proceeded to

Gakdal Wells, 100 miles in 63 hours, halted 15 hours, and marched back again 100 miles in the same time, 6 accomplishing the last 50 miles in 7½ hours. The 155, including the 40 above mentioned, then proceeded across the Bayuda Desert, covering from January 8th to January 20th, 31 miles per day with an average daily ration of 5lb. to 6lb. grain and two gallons of water. On the final advance to the Nile they marched without a drop of water for 55 hours and only 1lb. of grain. Some 15 or twenty had no water for 70 hours. During the period January 8th to March 8th, when they returned to Korti, the casualties amounted to 20 killed in action, 19 died or were destroyed for Debility and Exhaustion, and 5 were destroyed or died from other causes. This is one of the most remarkable instances of endurance of animals and efficient care of them possible to relate.

(e) Morgan's first raid, Civil War in America—from Knoxville, July 4th, 1862, to Livingston, July 28th, 1,000 miles, capturing 17 towns and destroying all the Government stores.

(f) Morgan's Ohio raid—from Summerville, Indiana, to Williamsburg, east of Cincinnati, in July, 1863—94 miles in 35 hours.

(g) Stuart's sweeping reconnaissance round the Northern Army, with 1,800 Cavalry and four pieces of Horse Artillery, from Chambersburg to Leesburgh—90 miles in 36 hours.

These are a few examples of the wonderful prowess of animals in the field, and they can be multiplied over and over again. Can they be excelled by any other means in war?

Personally, I put the horse on a higher plane than as a mere weapon. The arbitrament of war, conceived in its simplest sense and bereft of the appliances or armaments which make it terrible, is the enforcing of the will of a person or a nation on another. In other words, it is nature or flesh and blood that forms the prime factor of war. Man is the element, the animal is his co-efficient, and armament is his determinant or the means by which war can be waged more successfully.

The view that the horse is the co-efficient of the man is well exemplified in cavalry, where the man and horse must be trained together. Courage and endurance in the one must find like attributes in the other. The man must be a good horseman and a good rider; the horse must be taught compliance and reliability. In other words, they must be one instrument of war suitably attuned for offensive, which is the real function or essence of cavalry. Hence it is that our Army authorities attach so much importance to our equitation schools and the training of man and horse together. Cavalry, indeed, have progressed considerably in recent years in the knowledge of their co-efficient, for in their cavalry schools they have realised the importance and advantage of the study of animal form and function—otherwise elementary anatomy and physiology—to enable them to appreciate, on scientific lines, animal mechanism, muscular movements, temperaments, hygiene, and other matters relating to the efficient training of man and horse together. I venture to say that it is this perfect understanding between man and animal which makes our mounted branches the success they really are, and which, to my certain knowledge, was conspicuously shown in the low wastage of animals of the old regular units of our Army during the late war.

One war is no criterion of the next or another, but in spite of all our experience it can still be said that the day is not yet in sight when mechanical contrivances can take the place of either the man with the rifle or the man on the horse.

NATURE PHOTOGRAPHS

IT is a long time since we have seen anything so restful and satisfactory in every way as the exhibition of nature photographs which closes to-day at the rooms of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain, 35, Russell Square. It is a very catholic display; and, although we have selected a type of photograph for the purpose of illustrating these remarks, it need not be imagined that the attention of the photographic artist has been

confined to birds. On the contrary, there are many pictures equally as good of mammals, reptiles and even insects. Among

these we were glad to notice the hare of Dr. Penrose. Poor Watt is shown on his hind legs, timid and shy and solitary in a bare field. A great number of the pictures have been taken at the seaside; lonely parts of it, we imagine, where sand dunes abound and beaches of shingle and many other things that are not very pleasant to the tripper but adored



A. M. C. Nicholl.

BUZZARD.

Copyright.

*Capt. H. Morrey Salmon.*

THE COMMON TERN IN FLIGHT.

Copyright.

of the artist. The birds are there in numbers, but not so many as to make one feel that it is a display of birds. Very correct judgment has gone to the selection, as will be surmised by those who look at our illustrations. There is nothing at all conventional in them. For example, take Mr. Wilkinson's "Black-Headed Gulls in Flight." The usual way in which photographers represent the gullery is to get as many birds as possible into the picture. They are shown rising in myriads or in myriads wheeling round the gullery, or home where they breed. Mr. Wilkinson has, instead of that, concentrated his energy on a little group of birds and the nests above which they hover, with their long legs hanging down, their wings up and their mouths open. As you look, you almost hear the noise of the

gull-pond, and you feel certain that there is an innumerable number of gulls just outside the range of the camera.

"The Common Tern in Flight" of Captain H. M. Salmon shows flying purely, whereas the temptation is to snap the tern fishing. No doubt it is one of the most picturesque of the birds that get their food from the water. A great crowd of them dropping like stones on their prey and rising up again with a buoyancy that makes you think their bodies are elastic and have rebounded, is the sort of thing one can watch for ever; but Captain Salmon has given us a photograph of the bird flying and doing nothing more, and in a wonderful way he has succeeded in obtaining the picturesque out of what many would consider the commonplace. Sir T. Lewis also shows a tern in

*Sir T. Lewis.*

BITTERN RISING FROM REEDS.

Copyright.

*Sir T. Lewis.*

SHAGS IN FLIGHT.

Copyright.

flight. It has just left its crude nest on the ground, with two eggs in it, and is wending its way to the sea as if embarking on an adventure in angling.

"Shags in flight" is again a picture as true as nature itself. The birds are flying past or away from a dark rock such as they love to haunt, although there is no suggestion of this particular rock being a place for their assembling or nesting, but there are the great black birds with outstretched necks and heads, steering away over the water, not flying high and not skimming, but evidently bent on a journey of some distance.

We have often thought that shags and cormorants are the most dismal of all creatures that inhabit the surface of the deep and the rocky ledges of the shore. The photographer has evidently not shared that feeling, because those black patches and the black rock and the quiet sea blend into a pictorial combination that is pleasant to the eye without stirring up any of the thoughts of evil which are associated with this vampire among birds.

Anyone reading in the catalogue the entry : 173 " Buzzard ; young bird discovered on ground at foot of cliff and reared by hand " may have anticipated meeting a pitiful half-feathered

*O. J. Wilkinson.*

BLACK-HEADED GULLS IN FLIGHT.

Copyright.

youngling, perhaps shown in the pathetic helplessness of babyhood. They will not find that, however. Mr. A. M. C. Nicholl has got his pet into a very warlike position. He is grasping the stump of a tree with his strong claws. His wings are extended and his little tail sticks out as if he were in a terribly fighting mood, and, indeed, his attitude altogether reminds one of a duellist and a bold and fierce one at that. It is a picture that suggests how well the rearing must have been done. Mr. Chislett's "Great Skua" is a very fine presentation of this freebooter among the gulls, but we hope at no distant date that this good photographer and equally good observer of nature will have something to say in our pages about the skua.

explanation of that apparent muddle. The pictures are, as a matter of fact, hung very beautifully, as if those who were responsible for that operation had carefully considered the general effect and laid aside any idea they may have had of hanging the pictures in their order, as is done, for instance, at the Royal Academy. Probably the Royal Photographic Society made the catalogue first and did the hanging afterwards. If they would on a future occasion reverse the process they would add to the convenience of visitors. Yet one scarcely likes to make a complaint of that kind because the general effect is so pleasant. To visit the exhibition is like going to a country inhabited by a vast variety of the creatures in fur and feather that run and fly



Sir T. Lewis.

LESSER TERN LEAVING NEST.

Copyright.

The general impression produced by the birds, and, indeed, by all the pictures in the exhibition, is that every exhibit shows in a most fascinating way that the subject has been observed and studied from a purely individual standpoint. That means, among other things, that each is unlike the pictures beside it, hence the freshness and variety of the show. At first one is inclined to complain that it is difficult to follow the pictures with the catalogue because they are not hung with much regard to orderly sequence. You jump from one number to a number that may be a hundred away from it, but there may be a very good

in all the most lovely places. Here you get the sedges by the river or lake, the grasses just beginning to clothe the seaside dunes, crags and peaks, mountains and little hills, all with their feathered inhabitants. To many visitors some of these pictures will come as a great surprise, that one, for instance, shown by Sir T. Lewis, of a bittern rising from the reeds. The picture carries us back to the time when the boom of the bittern was the commonest sound in those rural parts of England where marshes used to abound. Until a few years ago the bittern was believed to be almost, if not quite, extinct. So far is that from

being the case now that Sir T. Lewis is able to photograph one amid its natural surroundings, and we have shown from time to time studies of bittern, the photographs being taken mostly by Miss Turner.

One cannot help reflecting that these memorials of natural life are far more delightful than anything that has ever stood in their place. With skins and other trophies always goes the feeling that the creatures themselves are dead, and that no skill can give to their bones, horns or skulls the real aspect that they wore in life. The photographer has to exercise all the patience and cunning of the hunter in order to approach his subject without disturbing it, but his mind is very far indeed from the idea of killing. It is a beautiful image of the wild creature living fearlessly and happily among its natural surroundings that he has gone out to seek. It is one of his chief concerns not on any account to startle or alarm the subject of his attention. To do that would be to challenge instant failure. It is his triumph to get his picture when the bird or animal is unsuspecting and at its ease. If it is flying, it is not doing so in panic, but in search of food or on the other errands connected with bird life. If at its nest at home it is engaged either in brooding the eggs

or feeding the young. To catch them in these intimate moments without doing anything to disturb them in the slightest degree is the aim which every bird photographer cherishes. In order to accomplish it he is accustomed to use a vast number of ingenious stratagems and devices, many of which have been described by the artists themselves in our pages. All the time the photographer is in the pleasantest places which Nature knows.

He must know the shore intimately and be equally familiar with the high road and its hedges. The moor and the ploughed field are equally fertile in his eyes since some of his birds delight in the desert and some in the cultivated land. His gentle art takes him out in the open air in every kind of climatic condition, and while he is looking for his birds the hues of the flowers of the field, the shape and motion of the clouds above him and the flowers in the grass underneath cannot but be entering into his store of impressions, thus filling and quickening them with memories of what is interesting and beautiful. As we look at the pictures it is impossible not to envy those who have carried their hobby to the perfection which is seen on the walls of this exhibition.

THE BURDETT-COUTTS CHINA

A REMINISCENCE.

THE Burdett-Coutts collection of old china has long been spoken of by connoisseurs reverently and with bated breath. It was a unique assemblage, accumulated over the space of the last hundred and twenty years, but mainly during the first forty of them; and it was not less noted for its variety than for the surprising quality of many of its components. It ranged from Oriental to Swansea porcelain and from Urbino majolica to Staffordshire pottery figures. And so it was natural that the house in Stratton Street in which the better part of it was installed should have been a veritable wonderland for the china lover. Here one saw, for instance, a whole service, more than two hundred pieces long, of Sèvres porcelain with green ground and panels of birds arranged in one splendid cabinet; while in the adjacent ball-room the walls on three sides were lined with turquoise-coloured porcelain and in the middle of the fourth stood a cabinet of exquisite *bleu de roi*.

Such masses of high-quality Sèvres are wholly unexpected outside Royal palaces, and one stood agape at the sight of them. But there was more to follow—here and there a vase of the highest quality, a piece of *rose Pompadour*, a jewelled tea-service, or, stored in less obvious places, a long service of *feuille de choux* and many other specimens with the simple adornment of floral sprays. The Sèvres, indeed, was immense; but if you were not a fancier of Sèvres there was no need to go away disappointed. There was something for every taste, and that something was, as a rule, a very choice morsel.

There were, for instance, figures and groups made at Frankenthal, Höchst, Ludwigsburg and Fulda. There was a great variety of splendid Meissen. There was a thing unheard of in Capo di Monte, a service of forty-five pieces with moulded reliefs coloured and stippled in the best style of the factory. And besides all these things destined for the most sumptuous cabinets there was a host of minor wares, rare and interesting to the collector, though less gorgeous; wares made at Nyon and Old Loosdrecht and many other Continental factories whose names rarely appear in the London sale catalogues.

Obviously the collection was strong in Continental porcelain. What of the English? It is the same story. An amazing profusion, in which certain things stood out conspicuously. There were, for instance, two pairs of

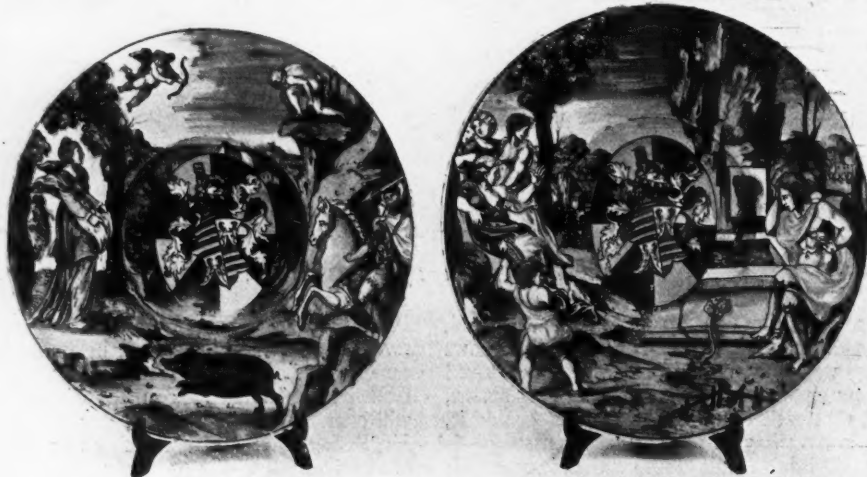
covered Chelsea vases, one in the Kakiemon style of "Old Japan," and the other in the Sèvres style, with pink ground and panels, of which more will be said. These were the best; but there were quantities of Chelsea table-ware of high quality. There were beautiful Bow figures, a *pot-pourri* vase with the rare T^o mark, and a great tea and coffee service of the celebrated "partridge pattern"; this last a whole service, not merely a few specimens such as would content the ordinary collector. There was a large cabinet of early Worcester with scale blue and *gros bleu* grounds and panels of tropical birds or flowers, all the finest ware of the Wall period. Then, when one's capacity for wonder was almost exhausted, one came on a huge service of Swansea porcelain richly decorated with baskets of flowers and roses such as Billingsley is reputed to have painted, a service of 230 pieces. One hardly imagined that there was so much Swansea in existence.

We have not yet touched the Oriental, of which there was a considerable quantity. On the whole it was not equal to the Continental in importance; but here and there it reached a very high standard, as in the powder blue vases, the set of *famille rose* jars and beakers, and the two great Imperial fish bowls with five-clawed dragons in *famille rose* enamels. There were, besides, many lesser pieces of great interest to collectors, such as Peking bowls with European figures in their panels, white Fukien ware and red buccaro. Japan was represented by some handsome vases and dishes of Old Imari.

So much for the scope of the collection, which seems wide enough in all conscience. It may be of interest to describe a few of the salient features.

The majolica included two Urbino dishes signed by Xanto in the year 1538. They are illustrated in Fig. 1, and are of the ton-dino shape with deep centre finely painted in Xanto's characteristic colours, one with a mythological scene representing Picus and Circe, while the other is "Vanity in love with his own reflection." In both we have the Italian potter's art at its best.

Other important pieces were the two cisterns which formerly belonged to the Strawberry Hill collection. They are also Urbino ware, made in the Fontana workshop about the middle of the sixteenth century; and in one of them the landscape background includes San Leo and Maivolo, two hill fortresses in the Duchy of Urbino, an



1.—URBINO MAJOLICA DISHES. SIGNED BY XANTO.



2.—ON THE LEFT AND RIGHT: TWO FAN-SHAPED SEVRES FLOWER VASES ON STANDS, GREEN GROUND, PANELS CAMPING SCENES AND MILITARY TROPHIES. IN THE CENTRE: CHELSEA VASE, ONE OF A PAIR, CLARET GROUND, PANELS "SILENUS CAPTURED BY A NYMPH" AND "ARIADNE AND BACCHUS."



3.—PIECES OF THE SWANSEA PORCELAIN SERVICE.



4.—PIECES OF THE CAPO DI MONTE SERVICE.

interesting local touch. The tall fan-shaped flower vases and stands (Fig. 2) of Sèvres porcelain are a masterwork of the royal French factory made in the year 1766. The panels with camping scenes and military trophies are beautifully painted, and the superb green ground is enriched with finely chased gilding. These handsome pieces stood in the same cabinet as the green Sèvres service, though they did not form a part of it. The service had a similar green ground with gilt enrichment, but the panels were painted with birds by Evans, Aloncle and others.

The two musicians (Fig. 5) are admirable examples of the spirited figure modelling which made Meissen famous in the middle of the eighteenth century. The Oriental costume, a concession to the prevailing taste for Chinoiserie, sorts incongruously with the European guitar and hurdy gurdy. But the china modellers of the Rococo were nothing if not fantastic, and no one will quarrel with their extravagances so long as they resulted in productions as decorative as these. The enamelling and gilding of these figures is of the highest quality, and crossed swords in blue proclaim their place of origin. The collection included many other fine Meissen creations, among which a set of figures representing the Five Senses was conspicuous.

The royal factory of Capo di Monte was established in 1743 by Charles Bourbon, King of Naples. But when this monarch succeeded to the throne of Spain in 1759 he transferred the best workmen to Madrid, where they continued their activities in the Buen Retiro porcelain works. Their departure practically crippled the Capo di Monte factory; and though it was reconstructed at Naples twelve years later, the porcelain of the second period never had the prestige of the earlier ware. Naturally, examples of the first period are scarce, and it is surprising to find a whole service of it in any one collection. The Burdett-Coutts set (Fig. 4) is typical of the work of the best period, a soft-paste porcelain decorated with daintily modelled reliefs in classic taste. Thus the milk jug has on one side a bathing



5.—MEISSEN FIGURES. TWO MUSICIANS IN ORIENTAL COSTUME.

nymph and on the other Endymion; on the sugar bowl are triumphs of Bacchus and Galatea; while on the other pieces there are reliefs of a similar nature, all carefully painted and with the flesh tints finely stippled in a manner peculiar to the factory.

Most admired of the English porcelain was the pair of covered Chelsea vases (Fig. 2), decorated in the most sumptuous Chelsea style. In front of each is a large panel, painted evidently by John Donaldson, whose work is known on some of the best Chelsea and Worcester vases. The subjects are Silenus captured by a nymph and Ariadne discovered by Bacchus. The surrounding ground is of the rare "claret" colour, a Chelsea version of the Sèvres *rose Pompadour*, on which exotic birds are exquisitely designed in gold. The gold anchor mark shows that these vases belong to the fourth Chelsea period (1759-1770); and other indications point to the latter part of this time as the date of their production.

Finally, Fig. 3 illustrates a small part of the astonishing Swansea table service which comprises 230 pieces, all prettily painted with baskets of flowers and borders of roses. It would seem that porcelain was only made at Swansea for a brief period (between 1814 and 1824); and some of it made from Billingley's recipe represents what was probably the last serious attempt to work with the old soft-paste ingredients. The marks stamped on the Burdett-Coutts service are SWANSEA and DILLWYN & CO.

From what has been said it will be abundantly clear that this large and varied collection was not formed on any rigid system. It was rather the growth of many years, unchecked and unpruned; and the wonder is not that it contained so much of fine quality but that there was in it so little inferior material. Even in the minor items the observant eye was always rewarded by some rare and curious specimens; and those who recall the interesting moments spent with it in Stratton Street will lament that it has been fated at last to come under the all-dispersing hammer.

A KNIGHT

Will God laugh loud at me
When I come up to Him,
Shorn of my weaknesses
Before the cherubim?

May be a golden spur
Set well at heel,
Of one deed purposeful
The knightly seal.

Yes, God will laugh loud at me,
Knight in my nakedness
I shall laugh too
In my fully awakenedness.

See how wild circumstance
When spurs were won
Thrust the deed full on me,
Honour was none.

Knight in my nudity,
Gilt spur at heel,
Shorn of my weaknesses,
All I shall feel.

And share with my God,
The loud sound of laughter—
Then there'll be silence,
And, God knows what after.

ANNE F. BROWN.

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE GEDDES AXE" AND FORESTRY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The writer of the article "Agriculture and the Axe" seems to agree with Sir Eric Geddes and his colleagues that you cannot expect profit from forestry in less than eighty years. This is not correct. Larch, which is our most profitable coniferous timber, and ash, willow and poplar among the hardwooded section, are at their best long before eighty years. The most profitable plantations of larch in this country, those in Aberdeenshire, were felled at the age of sixty years, while ash thirty to forty years old realises about double the price of that of eighty years, and the best willow timber for the manufacture of cricket bats is felled before it is twenty years old. Beech, too, need not be eighty years of age before becoming profitable, and some of the most valuable for chair making on the Chiltern Hills are cut at fifty to seventy years. Poplar timber that has been planted for fifty years is then at its best, and is often diseased and brittle when older. For the most important purposes to which it is applied, such as in the manufacture of agricultural implements and aeroplanes, it is not the eighty years old timber that is in request, but the young and supple plantation-grown ash of from thirty to forty years' growth; and as to willow, some of the finest at the age of thirteen years has been sold at £10 per tree. The question of pitwood is most important in the afforestation scheme, and requires only twenty or thirty years for its cultivation. Three at least of the above trees produce timber that would be practically useless at eighty years of age, and the remainder would be as valuable at sixty as eighty years. Neither is the statement that tree-planting would never be profitable borne out by facts, and many authentic instances were laid before the late Forestry Commission. If any saving on the afforestation vote is to be made let it be on the technical side, which can very well be abandoned for the present—but as far as tree-planting is concerned, every endeavour should be made to hasten it on as quickly as possible.—A. D. WEBSTER.

STARLINGS AND FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—During the past few years various charges have been brought against wild birds as carriers of different diseases, and I read, with much surprise, Mr. H. W. Robinson's letter in COUNTRY LIFE, in which he spreads the baseless suggestion that the present epidemic of foot and mouth disease is carried by starlings. Until proper scientific evidence is forthcoming to prove that such is the case, it seems to me very wrong to give credence to any such suggestions. If it can be proved that these birds are the carriers of this disease, then by all means let us set about destroying the autumn immigrants that land on our shores in such numbers each year; but at present there is not a scrap of evidence to support such a view. Incidentally, I should like to ask a question: supposing this disease were to attack human beings, would the Ministry of Agriculture set about pole-axing all such cases, or would they not quickly devise an efficacious method of treatment?—WALTER E. COLLINGE.

ELEPHANTS IN MYSORE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph of an elephant working in the Mysore State Forests. The Prince of Wales was at Mysore a short while ago and it was stated that later in his visit he was to go to a camp thirty miles away, where he would see Kheddah operations—that is, the methods used in capturing and domesticating wild elephants.—D. C. STOKES.

A PLAGUE OF FLIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I wonder whether any of your readers would be good enough to help me to get rid of

a plague of flies in my studio. The building is of galvanised iron (alas!) lined with matchboarding, with a large window which is the scene of action among the flies. I kill hundreds daily, but hundreds more come next day, and I cannot trace their "nest." The stove is kept going night and day, and this probably accounts for their attachment to the place. Is there any preparation with which I could paint the window-frame and so discourage if not destroy them? I shall be very grateful for any advice. One other query. Is there any practical use in the garden for spent carbide from acetylene lamps?—J. H. THORPE.

[Professor H. M. Lefroy kindly replies: "This case is evidently one of those, common lately, where the fly breeding out of doors finds a good winter shelter, warmed, and accumulates there. There is no 'nest,' but the flies are probably behind the matchboarding. The warmth keeps them active and they come to the window. The radical cure is one of fumigation with sulphuric acid and sodium cyanide, but this is dangerous in unskilled hands: if the correspondent lives in or near London we would do it for him. There is no preparation to apply to the window-frames that will do any good. Spring is coming; let the flies out; and do everything in the way of making the window really tight to prevent them getting in next autumn. It is extraordinary how small a gap between an upper and lower sash will let in these flies." Spent carbide is an excellent dressing for a garden: spread it over any ground that is to be dug. The lime is valuable, and the traces of smelly compounds tend to keep insects out of the soil.—Ed.]

SHEEP-SHEARING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I remember having a talk with a sheep-shearer, who made the following interesting remarks: "It takes a very good-tempered man," said he, "to shear a sheep. You have to be careful how you hold a sheep, you've got to hold them firm, yet so as not to hurt them. The place to put your knee is on its shoulder. It is only a very big or troublesome sheep that takes two men to hold it for shearing." He preferred shearing Dorsets to Southdowns, the latter went to "so much cloth." He remembered seeing a young man trying to shear a sheep which plunged so violently that

the shears stabbed deeply into the man's forehead—just between his eyebrows—he had run a narrow shave of having an eye out! He also told a tale of a sheep-owner who made a wager that his sheep should be shorn in the morning, the fleece woven into cloth, the cloth made into a suit of clothes, which he should wear by nightfall, and he won his wager!—H.

A DERELICT DOCKYARD OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There are many sidelights upon history revealed in the pages of Joseph Farington's Diary, now in process of daily publication. Not the least interesting at the present moment refers to the question of wages. In the autumn of 1793 shipwrights were earning from 10s. to 16s. a day, "owing to the great demand for workmen." It was a time of high pressure, for England was at war with France. Farington noted that "The average price of men of war cannot be estimated as formerly at £1,000 a gun. The Hull of a 74 gun man of war cost about £30,000, the standing rigging about £16,000, more including masts," and so on. He adds: "There are about 500 shipwrights in Dartford yard." But not only men-of-war were required: "So many East & West Indiamen, Frigates, etc are now building & repairing. By the end of January next [1794] it is supposed this great demand will cease." Captain Horatio Nelson was then in command of the Agamemnon, sixty-four guns, the famous ship he was commanding when he lost his right eye at the Siege of Calvi. She was built at Buckler's Hard, on the Beaulieu river, by the celebrated firm of Henry Adams. The illustrious, of seventy-four guns, was another of the many ships launched at this now derelict, but once busy arsenal. There is something strangely attractive about Buckler's Hard—a bit of old Portsea set in the midst of green fields. While Farington was noting the demand for ships, William Gilpin, Vicar of Boldre, was at work on his book "Forest Scenery" and visiting Buckler's Hard in the course of his rambles. He wrote: "Several very fine frigates have been built here, and some ships of more force. The great number of workmen whom this business brought together have given birth by degrees to a populous village." Whether coming by sea or land the place cannot fail to strike a stranger as a relic of the past. From the river, by the grass-grown deserted slipways we mount the steep slope to the wide street. Approaching by road through the outskirts of the New Forest, there is something almost startling in the oddity of the place. From this point the village lies below the level of the forest land—a wide street now covered with grass and edged with old Georgian houses; some mere cottages, once tenanted by the shipwrights; some the commodious dwellings of the Adams family. These houses are inhabited, but the industry has gone. It is difficult to realise that workmen, earning from 10s. to 16s. a day, ever lived there.—E. M. HARTING.

GOLF IN RICHMOND PARK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The question of a public golf course in Richmond Park has two aspects, which roughly correspond to two objects of COUNTRY LIFE. You advocate the golf course, forgetting the while that Richmond Park is, as Lord Crawford recently said, "a national heritage, unequalled by any capital in Europe"; within a 'bus ride of Hyde Park Corner one may here see, in a solitary walk, herons, grebe, wild duck, and, perhaps, a pheasant or a partridge, hares or rabbits, and there are even foxes and badgers, though they rarely show themselves. Richmond Park is, in fact, a typical Old English deer park, containing herds of both red and fallow deer, some of which have very good heads, and the authorities have shown much good sense in striving to maintain it as such. Is it not a great mistake to risk the spoiling of so perfect a place of its kind?—LONDONER.



IN THE MYSORE STATE FORESTS.

A GAZEBO IN DANGER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I write to thank you for inserting my sketch and letter about the Gazebo room on the roof of the Manor House at Bourton-on-the-Water, and for your kind Editorial note. I have not seen the interior of the room with its woodwork and remains of old hand-painted wallpapers, but, judging from the exterior, I think the date of it would be more like 1770 than 1680. Even so, however, it seems a great pity to destroy it, for good and typical work was still being done at that period, and I trust that the letter may meet the eye of those concerned and be the means of saving it.—VIATOR.

SHROVETIDE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Perhaps "A. S. D. H." may be interested in the Shrovetide song of the Wiltshire children of my day. They marched around singing:

"Pan hot.
Knife cut.
We are come to shroving;
Little bit of truckle cheese,
Some of your own making."

Another Wiltshire Shrovetide song was sung on the eve of Shrove Tuesday at Trowbridge by the girls and boys of older growth as they played the game of "Thread the Needle."

"Shrove Tuesday, Shrove Tuesday, when Jack went to plough,
His mother made pancakes, she didn't know how;
She tipped them, she tossed them, she made them so black,
She put so much pepper she poisoned poor Jack."

A West Somerset rhyme refers to an ancient custom that tells of the evident early to bed habits of West Country folk.

"Come Shrovetide, high and low,
No more candles, out they go!"

—H. THOBURN-CLARKE.

CROSSBILLS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You thought my account of the bird visitors to our crumb feast worthy of insertion; perhaps you may think the same of an account of some rarer birds that visit the trees at the back of our house. These are crossbills. There is a flock of at least a dozen here. I have not seen them myself, but the manager of the Sunningdale Nurseries, a very well informed man and a great lover of birds, has observed them here for several autumns and winters. They live apparently largely on the seeds of the fir cones which are very plentiful here, but the curious thing about them is that they pluck the cones and carry them to another tree before eating them. The cones, opened up in a striking way, may be found under fir trees, but they may be seen in greater numbers under other trees. There is quite a small thorn on the lawn of Lavershot Hall, next to me, where I saw last week more than fifty of these dissected cones. They look as if the bird with its curious bill had taken the flake of the cone and twisted off the outside end, leaving the seed exposed for easy extraction. They are described to me as very shy, and the observer must go quietly with glasses to get a view of them, and they are very quiet—their note does not attract attention. Lord Grey, another great bird-lover, says they are always to be found in the big stretches of fir woods of Scotland, and sometimes in the East and South of England, but this appears to be a favourite haunt of theirs.—F. L. GOVETT, Lavershot Homestead, Windlesham.

SHROPSHIRE AIR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—An exile, hundreds of miles from my native Shropshire, I was quite touched by Katharine Kenyon's sweetly sad poem in your issue of February 4th. My home, situated on high ground, looked across to The Wrekin, some eight miles distant as the crow flies, and on clear days we could, with the aid of field-glasses, distinguish visitors walking on the hill. Also I can remember my father holding up his glass and drinking "to all friends round The Wrekin." Since those days I have visited many of the most beautiful spots of England, Wales and Scotland, but never had such delightful picnics as those to The Wrekin when in my 'teens. Hot and tired, we called a halt at the little half-way cottage for bottles of ginger-beer, then trudged on to the summit

and that landscape feast described by Miss Kenyon. Each one of us conscientiously passed through the "Needle's Eye," the stout ones generally adding to the mirth by sticking midway. Our family in those days numbered fourteen, and there are still twelve of us alive and in comparatively good health, the youngest being fifty in April! If any other county can beat that record it would be interesting to hear of it.

"Oh, Shropshire air is friendly air
And scent of Shropshire lanes and fields
Is sweet and rare beyond compare."

—C. J. C.

COUNTRY LIFE IN ANDALUSIA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The agricultural methods of Andalusia have not altered greatly throughout the ages. In the first place the ground is broken up by wooden ploughs built of rough, misshapen logs, sometimes fitted with a rough attempt at an iron shoe, but more often than not exactly as felled. These ploughs are drawn by oxen with yokes of heavy, crudely shaped wood. Where the farmer is poor, any animals may be pressed into the service, and such odd teams are to be seen as a mule and an ox, a horse and a donkey, a mule and a heifer, and very occasionally, goats. When the rainy season comes

the seed is sown by hand and then left to take its chance. The corn is laboriously cut by hand with old-fashioned sickles and harvested in quaint wooden carts drawn by oxen. These oxen are directed and "encouraged" by their driver, who walks in front and lightly draws a long stick from side to side to signify their course. Then comes the most interesting part of all. The grain is taken to one of the threshing floors which are to be seen on every farm—circular, flat clearings of hard beaten earth or rough paving. On these the corn is scattered, and here every animal on the farm is harnessed into a team for the purpose of threshing it underfoot. A team of perhaps sixteen or twenty mules, donkeys and horses, often gaily decorated, trotting round the floor, while in the middle stands a fierce-looking Spaniard in a sombrero, controlling his team with wonderful skill and flourishing a murderous-looking whip round his head. It is an interesting fact that, whereas most of the pack animals are muzzled, the writer has never seen any animals muzzled when threshing. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn" is an injunction which the Spaniard still respects in its literal sense, and the teams take advantage of their freedom by snatching hasty mouthfuls of corn as they circle round at their hot and dusty task. The corn is then winnowed in the breeze by tossing it in the air with long-handled shovels until the chaff has blown out of it.—R. F. MEREDITH.



THE THRESHING FLOOR.



TREADING OUT THE CORN.



HARVEST HOME IN ANDALUSIA.

SOME NOTES ON THE MANTON STUD

GAY CRUSADER AND HIS MARES.

IT might be thought that a trainer, whose horses can win in stakes well over £40,000 in a single season, would have no time for the very able management of a breeding stud of the first importance. Yet Mr. Alec Taylor of Manton has been doing the two things for years with what everyone knows has been quite remarkable success. Last year was a really great one for the stable, with Craig an Eran and Love in Idleness returned as classic winners, while Lemonora won a pile of money when appropriating the Grand Prix de Paris at Longchamps; and, if the racing stable in which such celebrities are gathered together would seem to be going on from strength to strength each year, one also sees unmistakable signs that the stud is going to play a bigger part in the near future than it has done in the past. One may say, indeed, quite truthfully say, that it is already doing so.

The Manton Stud had a brilliant page in its history during Bayardo's all too short reign. It was, indeed, a great disaster when he died at an early age, after begetting some brilliant racehorses, including Gay Crusader and Gainsborough. The two latter, it will be recalled, scooped in all the classic honours in their respective years of 1917 and 1918. No horse anything like as distinguished as Bayardo has been located hitherto at this stud. There had been the old stayer Torpoint and the St. Eger winner, Challacombe, but there was extremely limited demand for their services. Sir Eager, owned by Mr. Washington Singer, had a comparatively short reign, and, reflecting on what we saw Lord of Burghley and Merritt do last year on the racecourse, it cannot be doubted that his death at an early age for a sire was equally bad luck for his owner, for the stud, and for breeders generally. Gainsborough, on his retirement from the racing stable, took up his quarters within less than a quarter of a mile away, but his owner, Lady James Douglas, only kept him there for a single season. I take it that Mr. Taylor has not room for more than one outstanding sire. It is a question, of course, of finding accommodation for the mares that come to a popular sire. The new Lord Manton may have had some such idea in mind when he decided that Lemonora should not stand there, but he must have been mainly influenced by the fact that he has established a new stud at Offchurch, near Leamington, and which is known as the Bury Stud Farm. The son of Lemberg and Honora, which won upwards of £25,000 in stakes, is to stand at a fee of £198 a mare, and as he is certainly the best son of Lemberg at the stud, I have no doubt he will command it.

Gay Crusader, therefore, alone reigns in the Manton kingdom and right worthily is he entitled to do so. He was a most brilliant racehorse, and, like Buchan, he was a first foal. A curious thing about him is that he showed practically no promise at all as a two year old until at the back end of 1916. For one thing he was awfully shin sore almost throughout the year, and Mr. Taylor does not recall having a worse case. Then came the time, however, very late in the season, when he really did begin to show signs of having merit out of the common, and, needless to say, he was given every chance. It is a way they have at Manton. The Two Thousand he only won by a head from his stable companion, Magpie, in the ownership of Lord Astor; but from that day he made astonishing improvement so that he won every other race in which he competed in a canter. His way of winning was, indeed, quite brilliant and worthy of his great sire, Bayardo, who, I fancy, is placed on a slightly higher pedestal as a racehorse by his trainer, but only for the reason that he probably beat better horses than did Gay Crusader.

Perhaps the comparison is hardly fair to Gay Crusader, bearing in mind that the latter was prevented from running as a four year old, while it was at that age that Bayardo did so wonderfully well. It was a great misfortune that the son could not be produced as a four year old. "I think he would have astonished the world, and I would dearly have loved to produce him on a racecourse," the trainer remarked to me. He pulled up lame at Manton one morning after doing what was a magnificent gallop and which revealed him as a great horse. He would never have galloped that morning, as he was perfectly fit, but his owner, the late Mr. "Fairie" Cox, came to Manton and wanted to see the horse go. He was the sort of man that had to be obliged

where his own property was concerned, but as it turned out he must ever have lamented his wish. The horse probably stumbled in pulling up and the permanent harm was done. He never saw a racecourse after his three year old career.

Bayardo, it will be remembered, began somewhat tardily at the stud, and I do not forget that he was already being set down as a failure by some people when he started to get some big winners. Gay Crusader's first stock will be racing this year, and we shall be given some idea as to whether he is going to step off the mark straight away as a sire. I well recall writing about him for COUNTRY LIFE soon after he had gone to the stud and he struck me then as being a lean sort, though most correctly made. Looking at him the other day one realised how time alters the figure, though not exactly the conformation of the young thoroughbred stallion. This distinguished horse has thickened and gained in that substance which was necessary if he was to assume stallion character, but he has not been allowed to accumulate fat as is so often the way with sires. Thus there may be heavier horses at the stud to-day, but none more perfectly balanced or truer in outline. It would, indeed, be quite correct to say of him that he is all "use" everywhere without an ounce of unnecessary lumber about him. These are fairly early days in the present breeding season, but on the occasion of my recent call at Manton I saw a fine two day old foal by him. It was



W. A. Rouch.

GAY CRUSADER.

Copyright.

Brilliant Racehorse—Distinguished Sire.

rather light chestnut in colour and it seems to be a characteristic of his stock that they should favour chestnuts and rather light at that. He himself is a rich dark bay in colour with black points and his dam is a brown. Mr. Jack Joel has an exceptionally fine chestnut yearling by him from Absurdity, the dam of Jest, Black Jester, and others.

Mr. Taylor, who has charge of the horse—he is the property of Mr. A. R. Cox—states that his lists are full for this year and next. Who would not own a high class sire standing at a 400 guinea fee, applications for which can be turned away? As a rule maiden mares are not sought for these distinguished horses, but I know of one maiden going to him this year. What breeder would not have Love in Idleness, one of the most gallant little mares that ever looked through a bridle? I saw her in a paddock with Keysoe, and never was a more striking contrast afforded than between these two classic winners—the one big beyond the normal and simply towering over the diminutive little mare that made history at Epsom in 1921. Keysoe did, indeed, accentuate the pony-like proportions and character of Love in Idleness. With her long and rough coat, her lop ears and her smallness of stature, she looked quaint and made it hard to realise that she was the winner of the Oaks last year and a real heroine of the racecourse. Both she and Keysoe are to be mated with Gay Crusader. The latter is barren to a well known sire.

Among mares to the horse this season, some of which have already arrived, are Queen of Jest and Bonnie Bird, belonging to Mr. Jack Joel; Port Sunlight, owned by Sir Gilbert Greenall and the dam of stock that has made a lot of money at auction; Pasta, owned by Lord Manton and a daughter of Signorinetta; Fragonarda, from the Sledmere Stud; Sir Robert Jardine's Sundart; Lord Woolavington's Lady's Mantle; Lord Durham's Mistrella; Lord Howard de Walden's Hippocrene; and Reine

horses. They are in the capable hands of Mr. Crawford, who was well known as a veterinary surgeon when practising in Bombay.

Pasta cost Lord Manton a lot of money when sold by Lord Rosebery, and beyond all question she is of an ideal type for brood mare purposes, being of medium size, very truly made, with plenty of power. Her dam, Signorinetta is, of course, the mare that made such amazing history at Epsom when she came out and won both the Derby and the Oaks in 1908. Lord Rosebery gave about £7,000 for her, and I fancy all she bred have won races, including Rizzio, Pasta and The Winter King. Sundart was thought most highly of as a two year old and I well remember her winning at Goodwood, but she gave trouble in her forelegs and could not be properly trained later. Hippocrene one recalls as the dam of the winning two year old filly of last season, Hippocras. Fragonarda was acquired by the Sledmere Stud when carrying a foal to The Tetrarch and she is the dam of Serment D'Amour. I may also add that Mr. James de Rothschild has sent Kaboodles to the horse. She was a winner both on the flat and over hurdles. Before leaving the subject of the Manton Stud I may add that Mr. Taylor has been far from well during the past winter and has been persuaded to go to the South of France with Mr. Washington Singer in order fully to recuperate. I am sure the thought of leaving home and work at a time like this must be positively hateful to him, but he is surely wise in his present resolve and all who know and respect him so much will wish him a complete recovery.

Certainly it is something more than odd that in successive foaling seasons two well known mares should have been lost at the Maiden Erlegh Stud, which, as is well known, is the property of Mr. Sol Joel. A year ago Mr. Jack Joel lost probably the most valuable mare in the country at this stud. Jest, the dam of Humorist, died while foaling to Polymelus. Last week it was the bad luck of Mr. Sol Joel to lose his mare Gourouli, the dam of the high class two year old of last year, Pondoland. Gourouli, it is stated, died while foaling a colt to Gay Crusader, and what consolation is to be found in an event of the kind is forthcoming in the fact that the foal, at the time of writing, is doing well with a foster mother. Gourouli was bought at Deauville as a yearling by Mr. Joel for 37,000 francs, and she won the Fitzwilliam Stakes at Newmarket as a two year old.

PHILIPPOS.



W. A. Rouch.

KEYSOE, A CLASSIC WINNER.

Copyright.

des Peches, the mare that made the highest price of last year, namely, 6,000 guineas, on behalf of an American owner. This mare is in foal to the horse already and after being mated once more will be sent to America. There are, of course, a good few other mares to complete a full list, but Mr. Taylor is not certain of their names, as when breeders take nominations they do not necessarily nominate what mares they will send. Port Sunlight's yearling last year was by Tracery, and was bought for the native owner of Bombay, Mr. Mathuradass Goculdass, for 2,100 guineas. That youngster, now a two year old, has done well and is in training at Ogbourne along with about a dozen other expensive

of Mr. Sol Joel. A year ago Mr. Jack Joel lost probably the most valuable mare in the country at this stud. Jest, the dam of Humorist, died while foaling to Polymelus. Last week it was the bad luck of Mr. Sol Joel to lose his mare Gourouli, the dam of the high class two year old of last year, Pondoland. Gourouli, it is stated, died while foaling a colt to Gay Crusader, and what consolation is to be found in an event of the kind is forthcoming in the fact that the foal, at the time of writing, is doing well with a foster mother. Gourouli was bought at Deauville as a yearling by Mr. Joel for 37,000 francs, and she won the Fitzwilliam Stakes at Newmarket as a two year old.

TOPPING AS A FINE ART

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

THE great days of topping, of topping, as one may say, in the grand manner have gone, never to return. To execute the complete and artistic top with the rubber-cored ball is comparatively difficult, for even the vilest of shots, deserving of the most condign punishment, will cause it to rise a few feet from the ground. Moreover, the results are nothing like so disastrous as they used to be with a gutty. Last year was certainly an exceptional year, but still the last hole at Hoylake is a reasonably long one; it must be, I suppose, 350yds. long at least, and it has a big cross-bunker in front of the green. Yet I remember Mr. Edward Blackwell describing to me how he had played the last hole in his championship match against Mr. Gillies: "I topped my tee shot and played the second with my mashie." Admitting that Mr. Blackwell can top the ball harder than other people and that his mashie shot can be a terrific spectacle, nevertheless 350yds. with a topped drive and a mashie shot is, as Mr. Bob Acres would say, "a good distance." With a gutty ball a topped ball was really topped; it trickled a few paltry yards along the ground, and if there was a bunker in the way, it accepted its just reward and sat down resignedly at the bottom.

Of course people do dribble the ball into bunkers in front of their tees and will continue to do so, but with a teed ball the cross-bunker close to the tee has to-day lost many of its terrors. Not, perhaps, to the reasonably bad player; put something in front of him and he is always liable to be frightened; but the reasonably good player tops a tee shot, as a rule, only when it does not greatly matter. There are, however, occasions when nearly everybody, however stout hearted, is afraid that he may top, and because of that fear makes some other form of error. When the golfer has a card and pencil in his pocket and a sandhill in front of him, he reflects that if he should top he would be destroyed once and for all, and he shakes in his shoes accordingly. He does not top, but he takes so much trouble

not to do so that he goes digging for the ball with his right shoulder and produces either what Mr. Guy Ellis used to call a "grumph," or an inglorious slice. The ghost of the poor dead and gone gutty, looking on from on high, may be supposed to derive some little satisfaction from the spectacle.

I admit it is a different matter when the ball is not teed. A brassie shot through the green, when the ball lies very close, is one that anybody may, and some people almost invariably do top. I have personally one particular shot at a particular hole which I always expect to send trickling feebly along the floor, and there are probably others in a similar case. This shot is the second to the thirteenth, or Sea hole, at Rye. Nowhere else in the world does the ball seem to lie so obstinately close to the ground as on that flat, and sometimes worm-casty, expanse. Unfortunately, the rubber-core can be hit so far with an iron that there is usually for the cowardly and the unskilful too easy a way out. He can take his heavy iron and lose only a fraction of the distance that such safety tactics would have cost him with a gutty ball.

Pampered as we are in this respect, yet now and again, no doubt for the good of our souls, it may happen to us to have a black fit of topping. I came across a friend the other day who was suffering almost as acutely as it is possible to do. On the way to the first tee he declared that he could not get the ball to leave the ground, but I assumed this remark only to proceed from excess of humility. I found it, however, to be for the time being almost the literal truth. Coax it how he would, the ball insisted on regarding all the various shots in golf as prolongations of the common putt. It had no justification for behaving thus, because its owner cut no gaping rents in it: he did not seem to hit it on the top, yet nothing would persuade it to take anything but the all-ground route. I tried to play the amateur physician and discover what was amiss, but with no great success. My friend has by nature

a swing which I may term "circum-stomachic," and it appeared to me that he had unconsciously exaggerated its most characteristic quality till he was swinging the club round his knees. I had always realised more or less that a flat swing will hit a lower ball than an upright swing, and now I had proof of it, for here was the flattest possible swing continuously producing the lowest possible ball. Of course, the more the ball ran along the ground, the more the poor sufferer did what we are all apt to do: he went down, so to speak, to fetch the ball with a grovelling movement of the knees, and no success whatever. I besought him to try a more upright swing, and once I thought that the worst was over, for the ball soared several yards into the air, but, alas! this was but a flash in the pan.

My friend himself thought that his was a desperate case and needed a desperate remedy. He proposed to test one prescribed for another patient, I believe, by the illustrious Dr. Braid. It consisted in trying to break the shaft of the club by hitting furiously down into the ground. I have heard of two other people who tried it: one was cured, the other returned to the club-house, bearing a head in one hand and

the fragments of a shaft in the other. Whether my friend has made a third, and, if so, what fortune has attended him, I have not at the moment heard, but I wish him all the good luck in the world. He is, beyond all question, the best tempered golfer with whom I have ever played.

MR. E. W. E. HOLDERNESS.

The juxtaposition of Mr. Ernest Holderness's portrait and an article on topping is not, I trust, a libel by implication. There is no innuendo that he is in the habit of topping. Far from it; he is one of the most sinless of amateur golfers. He looks as if he would never do anything wrong, and he very seldom does, unless, as sometimes happens, he gets tired. If he has a weakness, it is an occasional lapse on the green, and in Captain Ambrose's drawing he appears a little anxious, as if he might possibly be going to miss his putt. If Mr. Holderness were an idle man instead of a very hard-worked Civil servant he would probably be even more formidable than he is. For the sake of other people it is a good thing that he works so hard for, as it is, he is a most alarmingly good golfer.



MR. HOLDERNESS CONSIDERS.



AMONG those whose work confines them to towns, there is a quite common desire for "some little place" in the country—not too far off so as to make the daily journey irksome, yet far enough to be away from the hubbub. In pre-war days, when conditions were normal and there was a steady stream of new houses, it was not so very difficult to find these "little places," but since house-building for middle-class folk came to a standstill (and is only now showing some faint signs of revival) these places are hard to find. Of big houses there is no lack, for their owners are eager in these hard-taxed times to get into smaller and less expensive ones. Those folk, therefore, who took occasion to secure a countryside retreat when many were available may reflect pleasurably on their discernment. Mr. A. J. Christie is one such, for as long ago as 1912, seeking a "little place" on the outskirts of Birmingham, he lighted upon Twatling Farm at Barnt Green. It was a very modest homestead, comprising no more than an old cottage with a barn on one side and a cowhouse on the other, but there were possibilities of making it serve modern needs satisfactorily. The architectural services of Mr. C. E. Bateman were requisitioned, and forthwith the scheme of reconstruction began to take shape. The first portion of the work was confined to the remodelling of the cottage and the old barn, so as to provide a dining-room, sitting-room and bedrooms, the cowhouse being appropriated as service quarters. At a much later date, in 1920, two more bedrooms were added over the cowhouse. The outcome of this composite task is a very irregular house—roughly Y-shaped; the two arms, comprising respectively the reconstructed barn and cowhouse, being connected integrally with the cottage block, and so enabling a workable plan to be developed.

The entrance way leads down across a little forecourt where cut yew hedging gives some formality to an irregular space. The front door opens into a narrow hall, which leads straight through the house to a doorway on the garden side, tucked away in an angle. It leads also to the living-room that has been contrived out of the old barn.

In the hall we make acquaintance with one of the many changes of level both within and without the house, due to the adaptation of the old buildings to their new needs. A couple of steps lead up to the dining-room. This was the parlour of the homestead, and right in the midst of this part of the house

is a stack of those generous proportions which the old builders loved. At one corner of the dining-room we go through to a smoking-room. Then, retracing our steps into the hall and passing into the service quarters, we find a fair-sized kitchen in the "connecting link" on this side of the house, with scullery, pantry and kindred accommodation occupying what used to be the cowhouse. Upstairs are half a dozen bedrooms, bathroom and box-room, arranged with



SMOKING-ROOM.



A BEDROOM.



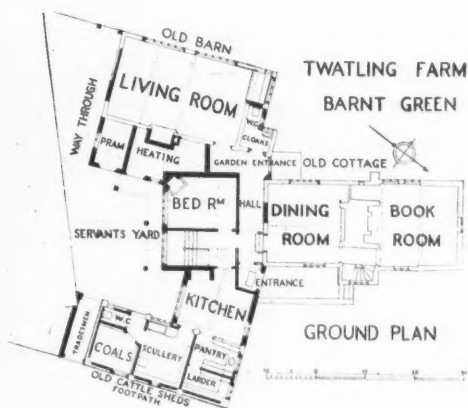
THE LIVING-ROOM (ONCE A BARN).



DINING-ROOM, WITH SMOKING-ROOM BEYOND.

considerable skill within the wandering lines of the house; indeed, but for the inclusion of the old stairs in the cottage block, it would seem to have been an impossible task to gain convenient access to these rooms. With these secondary stairs, however, the needs have been met. The first-floor plan, reproduced below, shows by black lines the additional bedroom accommodation that was provided in 1920. In carrying out this work the old cowhouse roof trusses were lifted and a corridor carried across the end of the house.

The exterior of Twatling Farm presents no features of special architectural interest. One sees just straightforward half-timber and brick construction, but a point about the chimneys may be noted in passing. Some architects have a sort of trade-mark in chimneys. Mr. Bateman's takes the form of four slates, each cut off wedge-shaped. This was a trick of the old builders, who fancied the device as a very effective one to cut up the wind and prevent down-draught, and the adaptation of it in Mr. Bateman's houses leads one to think



that the expedient is as effective as it is simple. But it is the interior of Twatling Farm which claims our chief attention. The work of other days is prominent in many of the rooms, especially the oak timbers, which live on to do long more years of service. This is seen best in the living-room, where the old barn roof, with its sturdy trusses, captures the eye: this living-room, indeed, is a convincing example of the good use to which a barn can be put, for though it is a large space to heat in winter-time the provision of radiators is not extravagant, while the inclusion of an open fireplace, as here, gives all the cosy comfort one can want. At the western angle of this room is a little bay with window seat—a pleasant point of vantage overlooking the garden.

The old beams are seen, too, in the dining-room, and again in some of the bedrooms, and the effect of plain plastered walls in relation to them is to be noted as both appropriate and pleasing, while the inclusion of old furniture and many objects of collector



From the Entrance Side.



From the Garden Side.

TWO VIEWS OF THE EXTERIOR.

interest (particularly the series of silhouettes on the walls of the living-room) contribute to that feeling of homeliness which should be the main achievement in any house. It is an elusive thing to define, but we instantly discern it

in that quality which permeates rooms that combine taste and comfort and have the appearance of being lived in, not a little of the feeling being given by the homely things of everyday use.

R. RANDAL PHILLIPS.

DECORATION OF COUNTRY HOUSES

THE infinite variety of paints, distempers and materials now on the market renders the choice of decorations very bewildering, but for the country this is simplified by the fact that all these should be chosen for their lasting and not their fashionable qualities. Eccentricity should be avoided, and such queer treatments as black ceilings and violent colouring, though they may be amusing in rooms that are to be refurbished in a year or so, should not enter into any country house scheme.

When to redecorate a country house is always difficult to determine, since, if a house has been well painted and done up, the work should last a very long time and only change of taste or ownership or neglect will necessitate redecorating. The interior paintwork of many country houses that have been well kept and looked after is in as good a state of repair as it was a hundred or even a hundred and fifty years ago—indeed, there is the added charm that the colours have mellowed and softened. The later decorations, from 1840 onwards, however, were not so substantial. The papers have faded and the varnish on the paint has cracked, making it necessary to redecorate to meet the modern standard of cleanliness and to battle against the flood of light that is now allowed to penetrate all rooms and show up all defects.

Country house decoration must be approached from a different point of view from town decoration. Work that looks well and quite in keeping in a London house is often far too sophisticated for the country. A London room copied in the country is seldom a success, and it is very noticeable that the great designers of the past always differentiated between these two classes of work. Therefore, approach the decoration of the country house as a permanent factor and not as a reflection of the latest fashion, and do not try to superimpose any decoration foreign to the style of the house, as one sometimes sees done—Louis XVI rooms in Tudor houses and Jacobean oak panelling in Late Georgian ones.

THE EXTERIOR.

The exterior of the house will of necessity need repainting every few years for the preservation of the woodwork and ironwork. Should the house be early in date and have mullioned windows, it will be found best to paint all ironwork black or very dark grey, and since in a house of this style the timber and wood should be oak, leave it and do not oil it. Let it go grey and weathered, as this will not harm the oak and should greatly improve its appearance. Should there be sash windows of the William and Mary or Georgian periods, then white paint is always best. It will be found that green, brown or other colours have a disturbing effect on the beauty of the brick or stone work, whereas white emphasises the proportion of the window and door surrounds, and proportion is the essential of all classical work. The doors themselves may be coloured or black. Late Georgian houses with a stucco face are apt to be depressing, but if they are lime-washed and the woodwork painted green, they are at once made interesting, and the additions of jalousies or shutters will make them not only interesting but charming. Or the walls may be cream and the woodwork a medium cool brown, and the effect will also be good. The cornice and guttering and, if they are painted, the quoins of the house should be white also.

Treatment for a modern house is difficult to suggest, but since most designs have some relation to an older style it is usually advisable to treat it as if it belonged to that style.

But should the house be of red brick or of stone, never try green or blue paint, always keep to white or brown; green or blue can only be used with safety on white or cream coloured houses. If lead downpipes or gutters have been painted, clean off the paint and expose the lead. The colour is delightful.

WINDOW RESTORATION.

While the exterior of the house is being redecorated it will be found most desirable to correct any faults in the windows. Leaded lights should be added where they are missing in mullioned openings, but in adding them care must be taken that the leads are thick—at least $\frac{3}{16}$ in., and plentiful. Avoid diamond panes if possible. They have a weakening effect on the architecture.

Many houses built about 1630 had their four-light wooden mullioned windows removed in the eighteenth century and sash windows substituted. These sash windows always appear a little large and wrong and are quite worth removing if the correct mullions are substituted.

The sash bars in many houses of the early and mid-eighteenth century have been removed and plate glass or thin sash bars substituted. Any house earlier than about 1780 should have heavy sash bars in the windows, and if these have been taken out, they should be replaced. After 1780 the windows of houses became larger and lighter in construction, and should they appear thin on the elevation of the house, the addition of shutters will rectify this fault.

It is advisable to have the front door highly varnished, whatever the surface chosen for the rest of the woodwork, since this varnish strengthens the paint and resists the wear that is bound to be imposed on a door so much used. Unlacquered brass is the best for door furniture in the country. Oxidised metals and such treatments have not the air of permanence that brass has.

The entrance hall of the country house should strike a note of comfort and hospitality and yet should be sufficiently sturdy to withstand the rough wear of heavy boots and the traffic of children and their pets. A stone floor is ideal, and if it exists it may be waxed with good effect—far better than scrubbing or whitening. Should the floor be of deal or some unsightly wood, it may be covered with a hard-wearing composition that imitates stone and may be waxed in the same way. If the walls be deal panelled they would naturally be painted, but if they be oak, then they should be cleaned and waxed, but not oiled. Oak panelling is most effective when it goes to the ceiling, but if this is impossible, keep the frieze white or cream and unpatterned, except when there is plasterwork in relief. Oak panelling and oak beams seldom go well together, since if the house were grand enough to have oak on the walls, it generally had its joists ceiled, except in the early Tudor period, when they were heavily worked. There is a tendency among the younger generation to-day to try decoration that is against the canons taught by their elders, and so oak panelling is again being painted, this time in bright colours—and very effective it is; but care must be taken that the colours are bright—sealing-wax red, peacock blue and orange—and that the furniture against it is in contrast. It is an excellent background for the rough gilt furniture that is now being imported in such quantities from Spain and Italy.

As a contrast to this painting of oak, pine panelling that was made to be painted is now being cleaned and waxed. This would certainly have horrified the makers, as they would have carried out the work in oak or some fine wood if they had intended

that the surface of the wood should be seen; but the colour of this pine is charming, though the restlessness of the knots in the surface makes it an unsuitable background for fine mahogany or satinwood—or, in fact, any English furniture for which it would be so beautiful a setting were it painted. Again the coarse Italian and Spanish furniture alone can stand this background. Pine panelling that has been cleaned and waxed is improved if the mouldings are picked out in gold, silver or in colour, as this will emphasise the architectural lines which are lost in the restless grain of the timber.

Should new carpets be needed in the hall, choose big heavy ones, as small rugs are too light where there is much traffic. A large Samarkand rug would be useful and inexpensive. The chair and sofa covers should be of glazed chintz, as it resists wear better than a rough surface, and for colour, a mulberry ground will be found to be very satisfactory, as it is warm and cheerful and restful and looks well against dark or light walls. Avoid too much green in the hall—it is not in sufficient contrast to the outside world; in fact, except for pale green panelling, it is best omitted from the country house, unless very carefully handled. A green room is cold and forbidding and does not look cheerful as all rooms in the country should, since the house is so often a refuge for wet days when it is impossible to be out.

PAINTWORK IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

The drawing-room must of necessity be treated according to the style of the room, but, whatever this may be, only the very best materials should be used, since the more respectful treatment of this room makes its decoration more permanent. Should it have pine panelling painted, then in repainting it is worth while to have it stippled, because this strengthens the paint and enhances the effect. If a good ivory is required, paint with a coat of vermilion first, then three or four coats of ivory paint stippled each time, and the effect will be fine. This may be varnished or left flat. A good green may be got in the same way over a yellow ground. A blue is effective if painted over pink, or a yellow over orange.

These ground paints give a depth to a colour that is noticeable, and yet the reason for this depth is not to be detected. Gilded or silvered mouldings are much in vogue, but unless the mouldings have a very good surface, unchipped and smooth, the effect is ragged. Gilding should only exist in perfection and should never be attempted cheaply.

If the walls have no panelling, then a paper or a distemper may be used. In the case of an ordinary fair-sized room, if paper be used, the pattern should be small. Also keep the furniture sparse in a large room. A small room may have a large patterned paper and much furniture. If it is desired to distemper the walls, a better effect is gained if the colour is nearly, but not quite, the same as the woodwork of the room, as this gives greater brilliance of tone to the distemper. Distemper is now made with a finer grain than it was, and a far more beautiful surface can be given to it. Many plain walls are now being painted and highly varnished. This is expensive and is not worth attempting unless the walls are very perfect and free from blemishes or scars. If the walls are as good as they should be in a new house it is effective, but they must be thoroughly rubbed down and made smooth. The colour should be put on a little too dark and the last coat lighter and stippled, then varnished highly. Where the wall is plainly painted or distempered the colour should be carried over the cornice, as, architecturally, it is part of the wall and not of the ceiling. If the wall is papered, then colour the cornice to match the woodwork.

In the drawing-room the best curtains and loose covers that one can have are of silk damask, choosing a large bold design for the sofas and large chairs, and a similar colour in a smaller design for the delicate chairs and the footstools, the cushions being in about three shades and of similar material. Square silk-covered cushions are the most permanently satisfactory.

Possibly the most difficult room in the house to decorate is the dining-room, since the absence of sofas and heavy, stuffed armchairs gives little opportunity for colour expression. If the walls are plain and unpanelled, one of the most effective treatments is to place a chair-rail, and above it have an Alsatian landscape paper or a Chinese decoration. Considering their permanence, neither of these is expensive; and with them plain velvet or rep curtains, surmounted by a pelmet or valance, look well. There are many forms of these headings now being made.

BEDROOM DECORATION.

For the bedrooms there are so many possible treatments, determined by the position and setting of each separate room,

that the only material help will be a few hints as to what to avoid and what to encourage. Wallpapers in all varieties are charming, but always avoid a paper that purports to be of a period when wallpapers were not made, as it simply means that the manufacturers have taken an embroidery or a damask design and turned it into wallpaper—an unnatural method, since all designs should be for their one object. Therefore avoid wallpapers of Jacobean and Tudor designs. Distemper is far better. The same rule applies to chintzes and cretonnes.

The colouring of bedrooms must depend on taste, but a north room is always best in orange, yellow or pink. Blue is a difficult colour to handle, as it is apt to be harsh; if, however, it is kept on the purple side it is warm and soft in effect. Green should be clear in tone: avoid muddy tints, as they do not age well. Nearly all greens become yellower with age. Red is not a good bedroom colour, as it is irritating in illness.

Black woodwork should be avoided; it is a temporary fashion; but good effects can be gained by using very dark shades of the dominant colour of the room. These should look black until one examines them, and the result is a blue-black,



A HALL IN A SMALL COUNTRY HOUSE.

With tile floor in black and white, and walls lined with old beech boards.

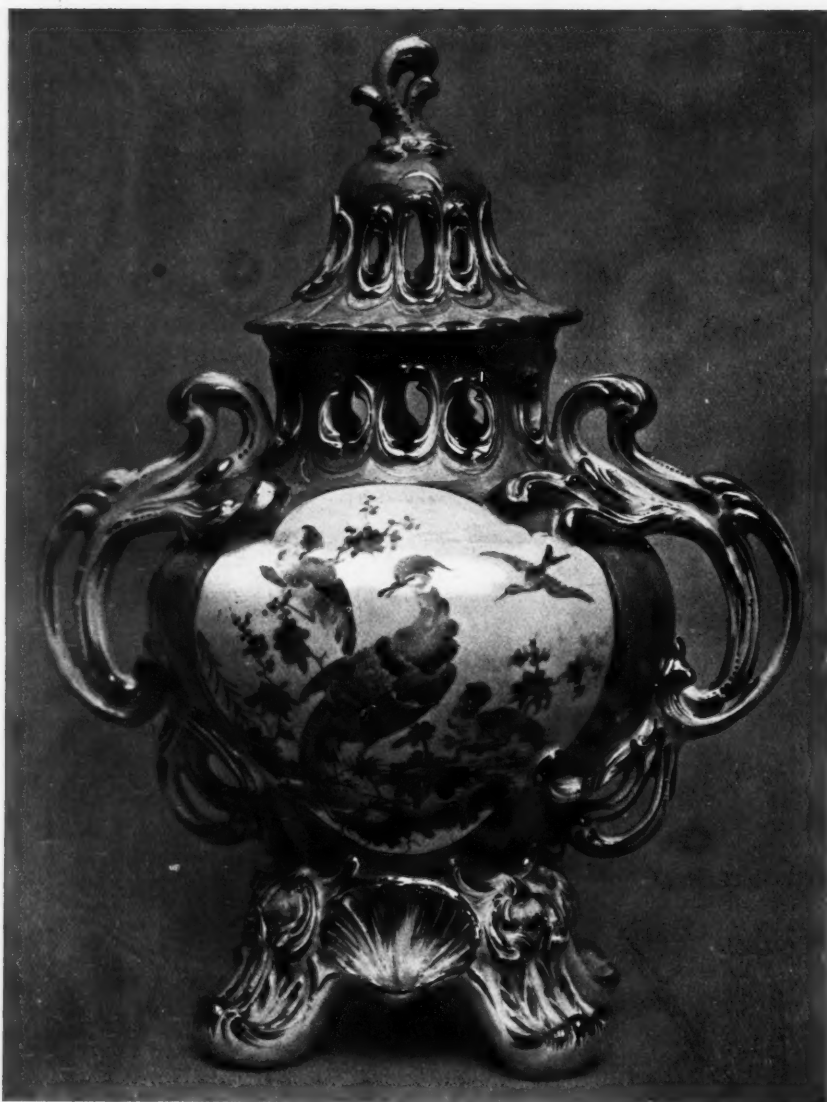
red-black, green-black, etc. This effect can be got by painting the desired colour dark and giving a coat of thin black varnish after.

Several forms of modern decoration are worth mentioning. "Marbling" if it is good and well done can be excellent. It should be freely done in the eighteenth-century manner, and no attempt made to imitate real marble, as the Victorians did. The skirting of a room below panelling looks well in black and yellow marbling, also the treads of a stairway. An eighteenth century mantelpiece or a bolection moulding can be treated with marbling to match the colour of the room, and in a small room the walls may be marbled even in a free manner.

The graining of doors is again coming into use after a period of banishment, and if they are highly glazed they are very beautiful and will wear extraordinarily well. At Womersley Park there are doors that were grained about 1780, under the direction of Robert Adam, and they are still in perfect condition, even to the gilding of the mouldings.

The best treatment for kitchens, sculleries and bathrooms is, of course, to have white enamelled walls, which are emphasised if the woodwork is painted in some bright colour and a chequered border of stencilling in the same colour added. BASIL IONIDES.

OLD BOW PORCELAIN



1.—A BOW VASE. Height 13ins.



2.—MUSIC IN THE BOWERS. Height 6½ins.

IN the history of the development of English porcelain it is difficult to over-estimate the importance of the productions of the Bow manufactory, not only in the influence its models and their decoration exercised over other porcelain manufactories, but in the superiority of the constituents of the material. At first Bow porcelain was probably identical with that made in Chelsea and other places and resembled the porcelain of France, being of a glassy nature. It appears to have been founded in 1744, when Thomas Frye and Edward Heylyn took out a patent, and in 1749 there is record of Thomas Frye in connection with another patent mentioning bone-ash as a constituent in the Bow porcelain. The following year witnessed the acquisition of the establishment by Messrs. Weatherby and Crowther, under whom the premises were known as "New Canton."

There were made the wonderful vases, statuettes, decorative figures, candlesticks, plates and other articles which are now eagerly sought after all over the world. Bow vases are rare and most highly prized, and of these a superb example is shown in Fig. 1. Standing some 13ins. high, the vase and cover show magnificent proportions, and consummate design and wonderful craftsmanship proclaim it a masterpiece of the art of porcelain. The Chinese influence is strong throughout the whole, but it is no servile imitation, far less a mere copy of Chinese work or of Sèvres, and is a manifestation of the heights of achievement to which our native potters could attain. The beautiful cover with its delicately framed perforations, repeated in the neck of the vase, is no less a revelation of the merits of the Bow artists than the wonderful handles to the vase, so fragile in appearance yet so strong in reality, and so subtly enhancing the curves of the body of the vase by their sympathetic lines. These are in sympathy with the sturdy base of out-turning scrolls, cartouches and alternating shells, carried out in colour as pure as the form is happy. The delicacy of colour is at its highest in the painting of the wonderful panel in the body of the vase, representing exotic birds with branches of flowering plants.

Although Bow figures are probably rarer than those of Chelsea, they have much in common, and both possess individual charms. Both have the charm of beautiful subjects and detail belonging to the great world of *Maquette*, so enthralling to the heart of the child and to which many men never abjure allegiance. It is the world of Boucher or of Watteau, but in the Bow porcelain renderings it is often English. It is a gay world, not masters, in which the flowers fade not nor wither, there is no age nor illness, the people are ever lovely, the skies are ever fair, no tempest comes nor rain falls. Beautiful youth is everywhere, as Charles Lamb puts it—all the men have women's faces; the women, if possible, have still more womanish expressions—and he describes himself as possessing an almost feminine partiality for china, and when he went to see any great house he enquired for the



3.—THE SEASONS: SPRING AND SUMMER. Height 10 ins.



4.—THE SEASONS: AUTUMN AND WINTER. Height 10 ins.

china closet and next for the picture gallery. The contemporary poets of the English porcelain artist-craftsmen could never tune their pastoral verses to the exuberant vitality of these china manifestations. To find a parallel one must hark away back to the Elizabethan and seventeenth century lyric poets in their impassioned pastorals, such as "Come live with me and be my love," by Marlowe, and its answer by Sir Walter Raleigh. Look at the fine figures of the pair of musicians (Fig. 2), modelled with a facile skill that ensures animation and almost realism. The head of the lady is exquisite, her bodice in its plainness contrasts agreeably with her skirt and petticoat, which are lavishly decorated with floral patterns, below which her shoe suggests Sir John Suckling's verse:

Beneath her petticoat her feet
Like little mice stole in and out

and to her face we may apply,

Her cheek so rare a white runs on,
No daisy makes comparison.

As a background to the figures a bosage of may and other blossoms in the greatest profusion splendidly massed, a shady bower of retirement which recalls the description by Flora in George Peele's "Arraignment of Paris":

Groves and sweetest bowers
Bestrewed and decked with parti-coloured
flowers

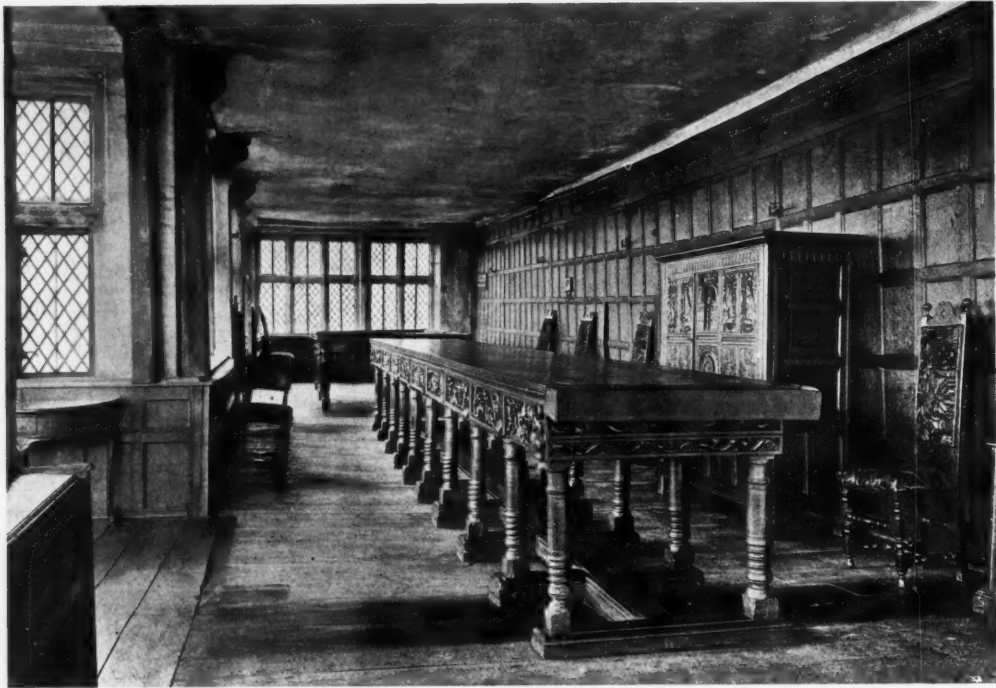
Where sacred Phœbe may delight to be,
The primrose and the purple hyacinth,
The dainty violet, and the wholesome minth,
The double daisy, and the cowslip, queen
Of summer flowers, do overpeer the green.

In keeping with the lute-playing lady is the flute-player, whose coat is decorated by a large floral pattern, while his breeches are striped and his shoes bear large bows among great wealth of flowers. They are 6½ ins. in height and are marked with the anchor and dagger.

English porcelain was much used for candlesticks, and to these figures were added for decoration or purposes of utility. Many fine series were turned out at the manufactories of Bow and Chelsea. Some of the Bow subjects were the figure of a child resting on a scrolled base, a figure of Harlequin holding a mask, and nymphs representing the Elements. Perhaps the finest produced at Bow are the four candlesticks representing the Seasons. For the use of these as well as the others here illustrated I am indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Stoner and Evans, whose collection is well known to lovers of our glorious English porcelain. In this set the candle socket takes the form of a flower, probably a tulip, above a wax-pan of the same, but spread out horizontally; the shaft of the candlestick is wreathed in flowers of the season represented, and each has its own suitably attired allegorical figure. These candlesticks are 10 ins. high and bear no mark.

Considerations of space forbid more than passing reference to the Bow plates and services. In 1750 the Bow manufactory was in the hands of Messrs. Weatherby and Crowther, but twenty-five years afterwards it was bought by William Duesbury, who, originally a decorator of china figures in London, went to Derby, where he bought the porcelain manufactory in 1755. In 1775 he transferred the Bow manufactory to Derby, where it became merged in the Derby works. W. G. THOMSON.

A SHOVELBOARD TABLE AT ASTLEY HALL, LANCASHIRE, AND OTHER FURNITURE



1.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE TABLE.

ASTLEY HALL lies upon the outskirts of the town of Chorley, between Preston and Wigan, a neighbourhood remarkable neither for natural nor artificial beauty. As in the near future a history and criticism of the Hall will appear in these pages, it is unnecessary for us to enter into any details save those connected with the exceptional shovelboard table here illustrated, which may assist us in determining its date.

Astley was from very early days connected with the family of Charnock, who make their appearance towards the end of

the twelfth century as tenants of the Knights Hospitallers. The present house contains remnants of a building erected apparently in 1577, and enlarged so as to contain a courtyard in 1600. The last of the Charnocks of Astley, a Cavalier captain, died in 1653, oppressed by sequestrations and fines, and the Hall passed by the marriage of his sister in 1665 to Sir Peter Brooke of Mere in Cheshire. Immediately after the marriage the Hall was elaborately refaced in the later Jacobean manner, and a long gallery was added to the top of the principal front. There is no possible room for doubting the date of this gallery,



2.—THE OTHER END.



3.—DETAIL, SHOWING THE FLEUR DE LIS.



4.—THE WINDOW-SIDE, SHOWING THE "SWALLOWING DISH" AT THE END.



5.—DETAIL: THE CROWN, THISTLES, LION AND UNICORN. "C.L."

1665-6, since the original house, upon which it is superimposed, was nowhere higher than two storeys, and this gallery is in the only part that rises to a third storey. The 1665 refacing took the form of a brick and stone "screen," coped with a balustrade which, viewed from the back, can be seen to screen the front of the somewhat rudely constructed gallery at the top.

It is well to bear in mind the date of the gallery in view of the fact that a cursory glance at the great shovelboard table that it contains might lead to an earlier date being assigned to the latter.

The table measures 23½ ft. in length, and though by no means the longest of its type (there is one at Chartley Hall in Staffordshire over 30 ft. long), is yet surpassed by none in the elaboration of its ornament. The gallery itself is 72 ft. long and 12½ ft. broad, so that the table, for all its length, is easily contained in this spacious apartment.

The construction of the table is solid in the extreme; twenty legs, which have lost all semblance of their baluster or cup-shaped origin, support the top and stand upon short stretchers connected with the vast central stretcher that runs the whole length of the table. The legs support, on the side looking towards the windows, a frieze of pierced carving, each panel differing from the other, and separated at the top of each leg by blocks of wood fashioned in the manner of a scroll, some emblem being carved upon the face of each. The frieze at either end is solid, representing vine trails coarsely executed, and on the face of the table away from the light a single width of this vine trail work performs the office of a frieze in place of the more elaborate pierced work on the other side.

As the game of shovelboard required as true and smooth a surface as could be procured, the usual kind of table top fashioned with roughly planed boards was obviously too uneven. A kind of decking or parquet was, therefore, laid over the rough-hewn, unstained oak boards that form the constructional top of the table. This parquet is made up of pieces of boarding 12 ins. long by 3 ins. broad, of parallelogram shape, so that the general effect is of a herringbone pattern, and, though the parquet has warped in the course of ages, the surface must originally have been tolerably true.

Shovelboard, as a game, is yet played in bar-parlours in out-of-the-way villages, under the name of shove-halfpenny, upon a specially marked board of sadly reduced dimensions. One of its numerous early

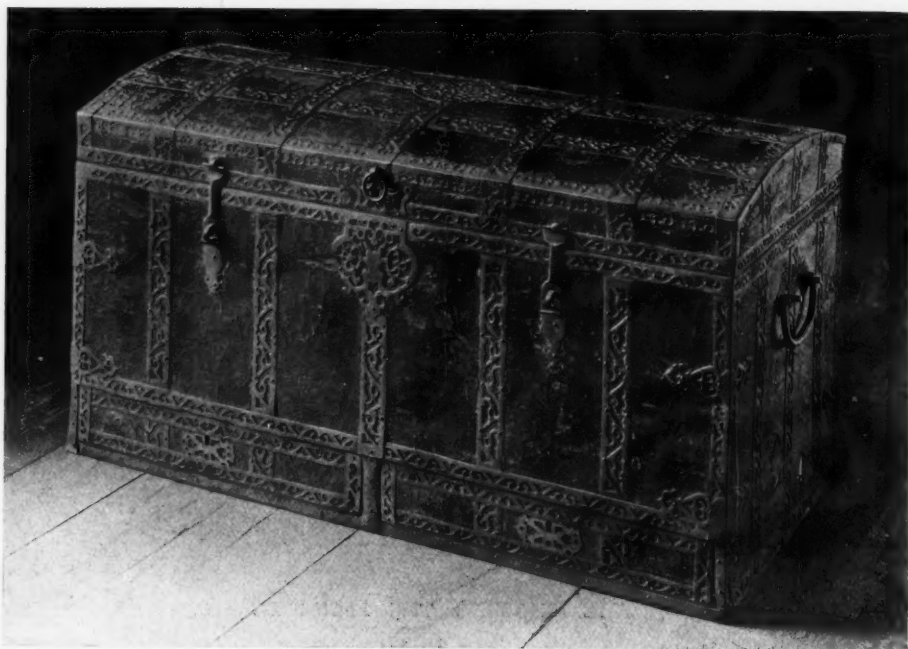
names, indeed, was "shove-groat." Demanding few paraphernalia and little expert skill, the game no doubt had its origin in mediæval halls, where, after my lord had withdrawn to his chamber, his squires and men-at-arms, after kicking their heels or dicing, cast their eyes upon the fair expanse of the trestle table and fell to shoving their coins along its surface in the manner of bowls or curling. It is, however, during the Tudor period that the game comes most into notice. In 1542 it threatened to become a national nuisance, and, among other games, "Shuffleboard or Slidethrift" was prohibited by law. In the following reign, however, its sway appears unaffected, for in a little work called "The Travels of Twelve Pence," by one Taylor, published during Edward VI's reign, we find the following allusion both to the game and to the youth of the monarch:

A SHILLING *cognitus*
 You see my face is beardless smooth
 and plaine
 Because my sovereign was a child
 'tis known,
 When as he did put on the English
 crown.
 But had my stamp been bearded,
 as with hair,
 Long before this it had been worne
 out bare;
 For why?—with me the unthrifths
 every day
 With my face down, do at Shove
 Board play.

At Astley, however, special base metal discs were used in place of actual coins, and some of them are preserved in a case upon the wall of the gallery. They measure about an inch and a half in diameter and a third of an inch thick, having their face somewhat hollowed to guard against a bias from an uneven surface. It would seem that the use of counters something after this sort prevailed during James I's reign, for in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humour" Edward Knowell's mendicancies are stated to "run as smooth off the tongue as a shove groat shilling." In "The Merry Wives of Windsor," too, Master Slender had the misfortune to have his pocket picked of "two Edward Shovel boards that cost me two shillings and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves!"

The object of the game is to lay the groat or piece as near as possible to a certain mark at the opposite end; this is done by placing the disc at the "base" end of the table with something less than half of it overlapping the edge. This is sharply struck with the heel of the hand, called by chiromancers the Mount of the Moon. An old song thus sums up the cunning required:

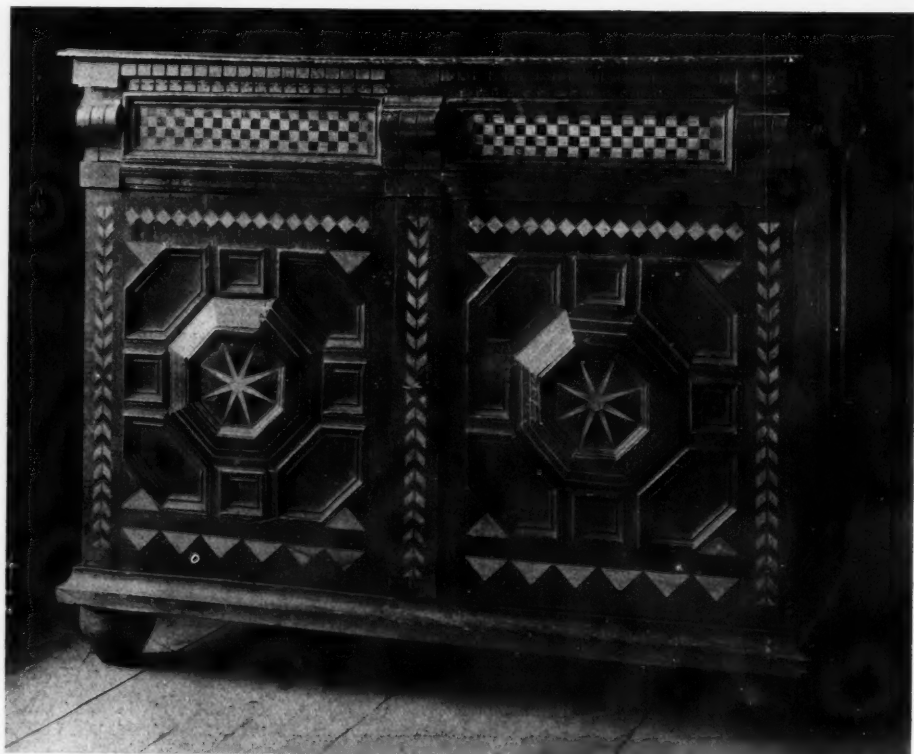
. . . It doth not stand
 With art to use much violence, for so
 They slip aside the measured face,
 or goe
 Into the swallowing dish.



6.—IRON BOUND TRAVELLING CHEST. CIRCA 1665.

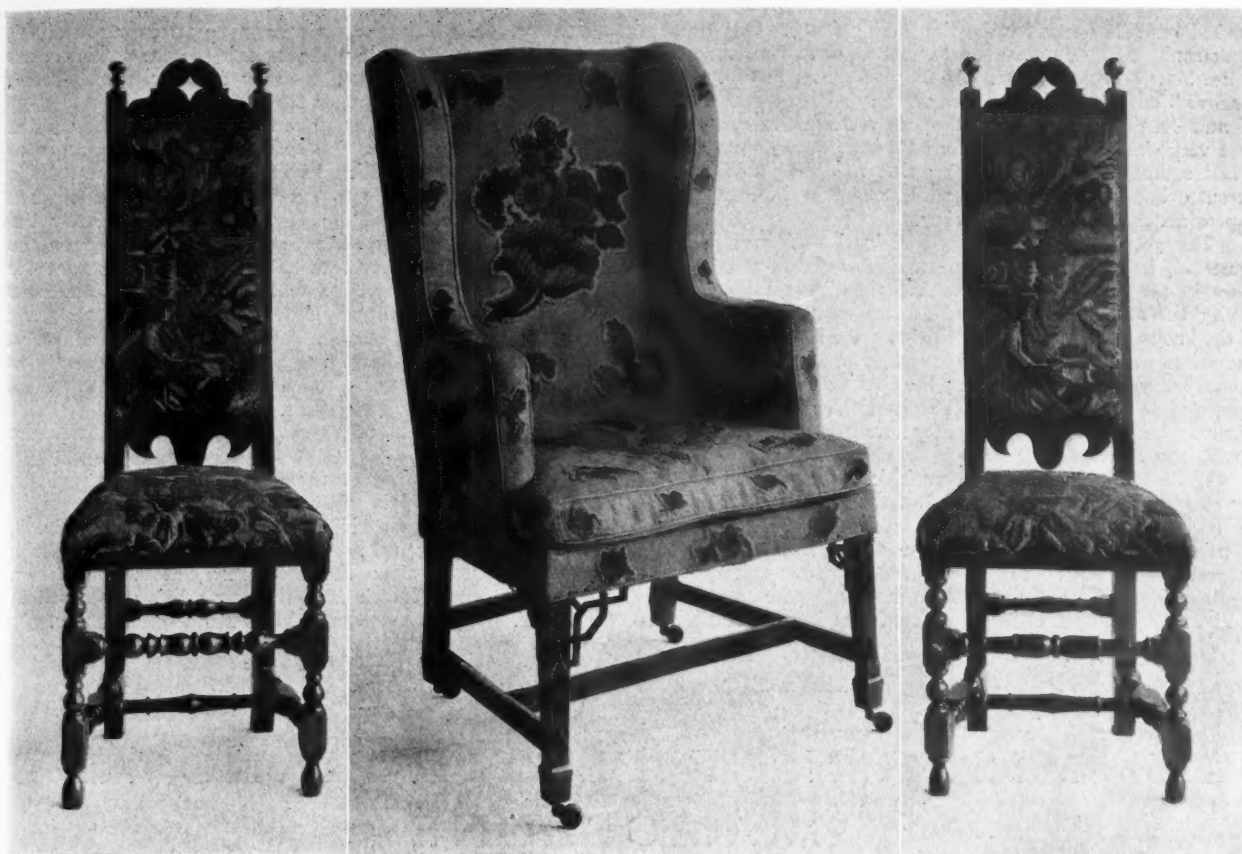


7.—LONG CHEST, DATED 1665.



Copyright 8.—INLAID CHEST OF DRAWERS, WITH DOORS. CIRCA 1670.

"C.L."

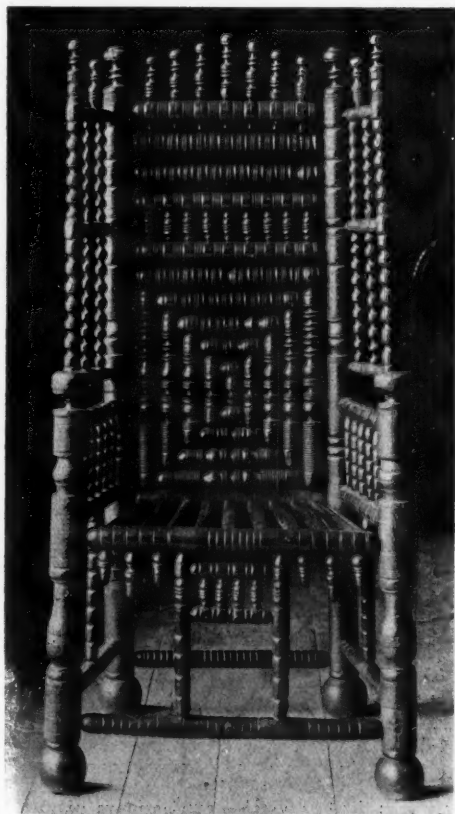


9, 10.—TWO HIGH-BACKED OAK NEEDLE-WORKED CHAIRS, SECOND HALF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, AND ARM CHAIR, CHIPPENDALE PERIOD.

The swallowing dish, or box, is seen affixed to the end of the table, shown in Fig. 4, and such appendages are often to be found on long tables the surface of which would not, without its presence, justify the antiquarian in calling it a shuffleboard table.

To turn our attention to the actual ornament of the table, we cannot but be at the outset struck by the strong Gothic feeling of much of the detail. Not only is the vine trail, though coarsely executed, mediæval, but also the treatment of the foliage in

the pierced panels shown in Figs. 3 and 5. In Fig. the subject of the right-hand panel, that nearest to the swallowing dish, is the fleur-de-lis, while next to it two grotesque dogs greet each other, in their fashion, amid foliage half Gothic, half Renaissance. In Fig. 5 the Royal crown figures prominently, supported by the Scotch thistles, which remind us that Lancashire was, until long afterwards, a stronghold of the Jacobites. To the left of the crown is a more definitely Renaissance panel



Copyright.

11.—CALENDAR CHAIR, ONE OF A PAIR.



"COUNTRY LIFE."

12.—TWO COMMONWEALTH PERIOD CHAIRS.

flanked on either side by the lion and unicorn. One cannot but surmise that the crown panel ought to, or at some time did, figure between these beasts. At the end shown in Fig. 2—the "shove" end—a squirrel figures on the end boss, and a sprig of nuts on the next one, and the intervening panel contains a vase very similar to the vases found on the newel posts of the grand staircase below, suggesting that the same local carver executed both. The two chairs illustrated in Fig. 12 are of approximately the same date—1657.

The persistent individualism of local craftsmen is well illustrated in Fig. 9, of two almost similar chairs, members of a set in the Astley gallery. At first sight they are identical, having the same upholstery and general form, but the details of the knobs on the uprights of the back and in the cross-pieces and stretchers are distinctly different. Here is an instance of the difficulty of assigning a date; the chairs are of oak construction, and in the South would be given the approximate date of 1670; but in Lancashire they may have been made at any time up till 1700.

If uncertainty prevails in such instances as the above, far more cloudy is our knowledge of the kind of chair shown in Fig. 11, sometimes called Calendar chairs. Their form is traditionally Scandinavian; from the ornament we may suggest that this specimen is of Commonwealth period. While on the subject of chairs, the armchair of later date shown in Fig. 10 is worthy of observation, bearing as it does the original

upholstery, on which the ornamented portions are worked, the plain spaces revealing the naked canvas. This forms part of a Chippendale set, formerly in the drawing-room, comprising armchairs, ordinary chairs and a table.

Figs. 6, 7 and 8 show three types of chest. The great oak one, dated 1665, is a fine specimen, and scruples not to reveal the method by which its bottom is fastened in. It is interesting to compare it to the iron-bound, leather-covered travelling chest, illustrated in Fig. 6, of approximately the same date. A similarity between the type of carving on the former to the pierced ironwork of the latter suggests that the flat, excised woodcarving of the seventeenth century may have been in imitation of appliqué ironwork. In the travelling chest the two drawers inserted at the bottom are of interest, denoting that already the idea of a "chest with drawers" was born, and was early applied to this type of chest from which, by its nature of a travelling chest, it would often be desirable to extract certain of the contents without disgorging the entire remainder.

When the idea of drawers was applied to stationary chests, they originally had folding doors over the drawers, as does the elaborately moulded and inlaid specimen shown in Fig. 8, which is a fine example of Jacobean inlay work, though probably executed after the restoration, at a time when the more elaborate Dutch marquetry was being practised in the South.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

THE MISSION OF PLAYER-PIANO AND GRAMOPHONE

IT is a melancholy fact that although the keyboard makes it possible to play and elicit a cheerful noise from the piano even when the player is not possessed of a shadow of musicianship, yet the instrument is a very Moloch in the sacrifices it demands before eye, brain and hand can be trained to co-operate in reproducing, in some fashion, someone else's musical ideas. To the vast multitudes of learners the ideas the composer has expressed in his music are written in invisible ink and remain unsuspected. The unintelligent parrot-like repetition of passages, the laborious methods of acquiring technical proficiency piecemeal, all militate against any contact with the idea, which requires unbroken continuity in order to unfold.

What excuse have we for continuing to train ever-increasing myriads of incompetent executants devoid of musicianship or taste? The irretrievable waste of years of energy, entailed by what is euphoniously called "learning music" or "the piano," is unjustifiable on the basis of economy alone. It certainly does not advance the art of music nor further individual culture.

The advent of player-pianos changes all this. Instead of the budding pianist's repertoire being strictly limited by his technical ability, so that an adult beginner is forced to regale himself with little childish tunes, or with good music played in a childish manner, the beginner on the player-piano can at once aspire to play the gems of musical literature without faltering or stumbling. His acquaintance with the masterpieces may be pursued without wearisome repetitions or the feeling that clipped wings prevent the spirit from soaring with the music. The whole of his energy and attention can henceforth be devoted to becoming the ideal interpreter.

Once the educational facilities afforded by the player-piano are realised, a revolution in the teaching of music will take place, and it is probable that the musical taste of the masses will benefit greatly thereby.

As the player-piano comes into more general use it will have its competent, registered teachers with well-thought-out schemes for taking full advantage of their great educational possibilities, and the teachers of the pianoforte will remove their veto from the player-piano and will welcome the new life it brings into the profession. We shall awake some day to the consciousness that our national musicianship has taken on a giant's stride.

The *blaté* Londoner who has boundless opportunities of hearing all the music he desires, the newest orchestral works and operas, does not realise the hunger for music, other than that which they can make for themselves, of those who live in the wilds, far from the haunts of men, at the Antipodes or in the heart of the country, where imported musical talent seldom comes their way. The player-piano or a good gramophone form substitutes gratefully appreciated, which set the imagination free. It is much to them to hear records of the great star singers, instrumental soloists, and the world-famed orchestras inspired by their conductors. With the new Vocalion, or Master's Voice records, one can even hear the performances of our greatest

interpreters of chamber music, and, although one would not mistake a Sammons, Tertis and St. Leger record of one of Mozarts' pianoforte trios, or a London String Quartet record of a Beethoven quartet, for the real thing, they are thoroughly enjoyable reproductions of the admirable *ensemble* playing of these great artists which will travel round the world and give joy to millions of music lovers.

It is only fair to acknowledge that the gramophone, the raucous tones of which used to make us shudder, has now undergone very considerable improvement in many directions. Within well defined limits the gramophone can now reproduce speech and music very faithfully so far as rhythm, pitch and amplitude are concerned; the crux, as in the photograph, is the colour or timbre, and the difficulty of including in one record the extremes of high and low pitch; it is just this point which is engaging the attention of highly skilled experts. Since the gramophone does not at present claim to displace the original, but only to give a pleasurable imitation, or a useful record, we can afford to disregard the slight imperfections while making sure that we do not miss any of its spheres of usefulness.

In the realms of education and science the gramophone takes a very prominent position side by side with the photographic camera. Austria has had a Public Phonogram Record Office since 1903, and has collected records of religious, ceremonial and folk music of great ethnographical interest. Hungary has also commissioned a learned Doctor of Philology to travel through the country in order to make records of the dialects and folk songs of the various districts.

It is extremely desirable that similar methods should be adopted by collectors of folk songs in our own country, for otherwise they will be lost for ever; peasants who have not come under the influence of the harmonium or piano or of the tonic sol-fa are very few, and if they are allowed to die out before giving us their records the generations to come will reproach us for our negligence.

The documentary value of folk songs taken down "by ear" and approximated to our scale by the collector is nil, for he proceeds to obliterate all traces of the use of the ancient model scales by carelessly assuming all notes which do not conform with those of our major and minor scales to be slightly out of tune, and correcting them; this is falsifying the records of the traditional music of the folk and destroying the landmarks of history.

In the science of phonetics the gramophone records are extensively used for the study of languages and dialects. The finer shades of tone quality in the human voice still elude the powers of the record to a certain extent, but the intonation with all its pitch modulations and the emotional quality can now be faithfully reproduced. The world-wide dissemination of music to suit every variety of taste by means of gramophone records and player-piano rolls will probably induce composers before long to take their works direct to the manufacturers of these instruments instead of to the publishers, for very obvious reasons, and this will lead eventually to better days for the art of music,

since young composers will then be relieved of the necessity of teaching and pot-boiling, and will, by working under more favourable circumstances, be able to give us of their best.

THE BEST OF NEW GRAMOPHONE MUSIC

VOCAL.

"The Two Grenadiers," in Russian (Schumann). Chaliapine. (His Master's Voice.)

"T'm' Arricordo e Napule" (Gioe). Enrico Caruso. (His Master's Voice.)

"Morro, ma prima in grazia" ("Un Ballo in Maschera") (Verdi). Emma Destinnova. (His Master's Voice.)

"My Ain Folk." Dame Clara Butt. (Columbia.)

"Like to the Damask Rose" (Elgar). Mme. Kirkby-Lunn. (His Master's Voice.)

"Ai nostri monti" ("Il Trovatore") (Verdi). Margaret D'Alvarez, contralto, and Giulio Crimi, tenor. (Vocalion.)

"Vissi d'arte" ("La Tosca") (Puccini). Kathleen Destounel. (Vocalion.)

INSTRUMENTAL.

Gypsy Airs, Op. 20, No. 1.—"Zigeunerweisen" (Sarasate). Violin: Jascha Heifetz. (His Master's Voice.)

Rondo (Mozart-Kreisler); "Hymne au Soleil" ("Hymn to the Sun") ("Coq d'Or." (Rimsky-Korsakov). Albert Sammons, violinist, with piano accompaniment by Ethel Hobday. (Vocalion.)

Chanson Grecque (Seligmann). W. H. Squire, 'cello solos; Hamilton Harty at the piano. (Columbia.)

Quintet, Op. 44, 4th Movement—Allegro ma non troppo (Schumann). London String Quartet, with Ethel Hobday, pianist. (Vocalion.)

Trio in E flat (Mozart); 2nd Movement. Menuetto. Albert Sammons, violin; Lionel Tertis, viola; Frank St. Leger, piano. (Vocalion.)

ORCHESTRAL.

"Mother Goose" ("Ma Mere l'Oye")—(a) Empress of the Pagodas. (b) "The Fairy Garden" (Maurice Ravel). The Halle Orchestra, conducted by Hamilton Harty. (Columbia.)

"Hansel and Gretel"—Overture, Part 1 (Humperdinck). Part 2. British Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Adrian C. Boult. (His Master's Voice.)

"A Night on the Bare Mountain" Part 1 (Moussorgsky). Part 2. New Queen's Hall Orchestra conducted by Sir Henry J. Wood. (Columbia.)

THE OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

WE all meet, from time to time, people who have taken an old-fashioned house with a garden which strikes a discordant note. We all know, too, the folk who are troubled because their newly acquired old-time dwelling has no garden to speak of at all. These latter have only to call in a competent garden architect—if they know of one—and expend the necessary, but not always available, funds and possess their souls in patience for a term of years and all will be well! Where there is a garden, however, which seems to jar with the old-time architecture, it is necessary to find out the factor or factors which cause discord and to eliminate them.

It may be said at once that though certain flowers which have what is generally known as an old-fashioned look—they are not really very old-fashioned, some of them—are peculiarly appropriate in the surroundings of an old-world house, yet there are few flowering plants which need be excluded lest they look out of place.

Such herbaceous plants as delphiniums, lupins, lavateras, phloxes, peach-leaved campanulas, Shasta daisies (*Chrysanthemum maximum*), perpetual-flowering pinks (such as *Dianthus Herbertii*), geums, heucheras, irises, torch lilies, anchusas, linarias, salvias, thalictrums or spiraeas, though, at any rate, in the forms now known to gardens, quite new, fit almost, if not quite, as well into the garden picture of the centuries-old house as do more old-fashioned plants such as the rose, the hollyhock, the carnation, the sweet william or the peony, though even these, indeed, are hardly the flowers known and beloved by our ancestors. Of such only the old cottage lilies and a few foliage plants, mainly herbs, remain, such as, for instance, southernwood, lavender and rosemary, while the merits of a near relative of the catmint, *Nepeta Mussinii* to wit, are to-day greatly appreciated.

Is the remedy, then, to study old-fashioned gardens which have been maintained for centuries upon much the same lines? I submit that it is not. Some old gardens are too congested in arrangement, too petty in detail, and, in a word, too lacking in dignity and simplicity to suit modern taste, even in association with the characteristic buildings of a bygone day.

Some old houses are, above all else, picturesque, and, to be in keeping, the garden must be also. Brick or stone paths and not over-wide borders full of colour will assist to the effect desired; so will a neatly paved and oddly laid out Dutch garden. Yew hedges, not too tall and with, if possible, a certain intricacy of design, will also assist, while even dwarf topiary, which is now readily procurable from nurseries, may be pressed into service. It is seldom to-day that one sees topiary in the making above a yew hedge. This is an age of bustle and there are few who seem willing to wait a decade or two for results to materialise, when they can obtain the same thing much better done from a nursery.

For the narrow borders and the Dutch garden beds suggested, all of them fronting on to paths paved with brick or otherwise, such plants may be used for summer effect as crimson and pink sweet williams, mauve, soft yellow and cream violas, not too tall delphiniums, border carnations and cloves (taking care to select varieties suitable for the open ground), lilies (many kinds), crimson potentillas, soft yellow gaillardias, *Lobelia fulgens* (now procurable in a number of charming and suitable colours), peonies, German irises (particularly the tall-growing ones belonging to the "pallida" section), antirrhinums in crimson, pink, soft yellow and white; pentstemons (but care needs taking to keep their shades of crimson away from the crimsons of *lobelia* or antirrhinum), campanulas (many species and varieties, including *persicifolia*, *lactiflora*, *carpatia* and *pusilla*), *Stachys lanata*, *Anthemis Cupaniana* and *Nepeta Mussinii*. The three last are valuable for grey foliage effect. To them may be added two or three dwarf kinds of shrub, such as lavender, both tall and dwarf; rosemary, the typical plant and the prostrate form; and some of the many species and varieties of shrubby *artemisia* (southernwood).

Bulbs may be grouped among the foregoing for spring-tide effect, and wallflowers, *Silene pendula*, polyanthus and Royal Blue forget-me-nots be included also to be replaced, later on, by

lobelias, snapdragons or pentstemons. If the massed effects of hyacinths or tulips are wanted, summer's glory must be provided entirely by plants bedded out, but many biennials already mentioned, can, of course, be utilised for the purpose; indeed, such a garden might be—and, indeed, often has been—furnished very effectively with snapdragons alone! Michaelmas daisies, pompon dahlias, border chrysanthemums and the stately gladioli may be trusted to provide autumnal effect.

There are many old houses, however, and many houses not really old, but truly old-fashioned, which are anything but quaint. Some are serenely beautiful, some merely austere, but all those in mind would look merely ridiculous if surrounded by quaintly treated gardens. Here severity must be matched by severity and simplicity by simplicity. A house severely plain associated with a garden with, say, fanciful stairways forms a sad picture. This notwithstanding, a garden unduly austere is to be deprecated. Herein lies an apparent contradiction, but only an apparent one, for it is but in its lines and particularly in its architectural features that severity is called for. No wealth of luxurious vegetation, so that it does not tend to conceal what should be revealed, will trouble the most fastidious taste. Here, then, in a spacing worthy of the house the garden is to enshrine; let us lay out wide herbaceous borders filled with noble groups of imposing hollyhocks and stately delphiniums, spreading mounds of anchusas and Oriental poppies, clumps of peonies, lilies, gladioli, day-lilies, montbretias and torch-lilies, with unstinted masses of lesser things. Let us see that the green pathway between them, which should be kept well trimmed and free from weeds, is adequate in width. If, as is becoming a more frequent practice, the path is edged with paving stone, consider this, when setting out, rather as part of the border than of the path. Remember it, too, when providing the plants for the front of the border, and select kinds which will mound on, or trail over, the paving. Such are, for instance, aubrietia, arabis, pinks, nepeta, many sorts of campanula and the varieties of *Thymus Serpyllum*.

It must always be remembered that a herbaceous border calls for a solid background. This may be wall—creepers clad of course—the dark shadows of woodland, a shrubbery of sorts or, perhaps best of all, a hedge. A hedge is especially called for where the borders are within the purlieus of a tall, austere mansion, as the close-clipped hedge will reproduce to some extent the severity of the architectural treatment. It is scarcely needful to say that yew is the best of all hedges for such a purpose, and privet the worst; this last because it robs the border to such an extent as almost to render it valueless.

If we use hedges to back our herbaceous borders, to define our tennis courts and to frame our rose gardens, we shall, none the less, need shrubberies to give character to the garden. Here, again, there is really no need, unless from an antiquarian standpoint, to study what is ancient. Let us consider what is beautiful, especially what is beautiful when massed, for it is in masses of one variety that shrubs should be planted to obtain the maximum of effect. The collector who must have a plant of each species or variety, and who rarely plants more than one of a variety together, never realises the real value of shrubs in a garden. The harmonies that may be attained by grouping together two or more distinct kinds of shrubs (or trees, for that matter) are far from being exhausted. It is worth while sometimes to experiment on these things, but much valuable knowledge may be obtained by studying the experiments and experiences of others. The sea buckthorn (*Hippophae rhamnoides*) may be associated with some other shrub having foliage of some tone of silver grey, such as *Rosa rubrifolia*, for instance, or even, though it would not seem likely on first thoughts, some one of the many fine forms of *Buddleia variabilis*. *Weigela* Eva Rathke associates well with some of the purple-leaved cherries, such as *Cerasus* New Red, or with *Prunus Pissardii*. For plants of more ordinary foliage, where only the flowers need be taken into consideration, it will be easier still to think of harmonies or contrasts, for contrasts, if they be not overdone, add life to the whole. At any rate, mass boldly. R. V. G. W.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ÉPERGNE

WHAT is there more pleasant to see, set in the middle of a polished mahogany dining table, than a silver basket, brimming with the kindly fruits of the earth, and beside it a decanter of port decently contained in its silver stand? Yet they are both somewhat recently evolved pieces of plate, the latter being possibly an evolution from the former; we may imagine an empty fruit basket made a receptacle for empty bottles, which the Prince Regent, when dining at Woolwich at the Gunner's mess, once called "those damned marines." Once the fruit basket had been used to take away the "marines," who, as His Highness explained, "had done their duty once and were ready to do it again," it was but a short step to making a basket of silverwork, in which they should stand before, as well as after, doing their duty. This evolution of the decanter stand, if it ever took place, was, however, considerably anterior to this event at Woolwich. But we mention it because of the similarity of purpose and work to be found in these articles. In all three, cake, or fruit baskets, épergnes and decanter stands, pierced work predominates, and is practically limited to this kind of object which, designed to contain solids, gave greater scope to designers than cups, pots or other articles destined to contain fluids.

Silver baskets fashioned strictly after the manner of wickerwork were undoubtedly a product of the seventeenth century; there is a fine specimen in the Victoria and Albert Museum dated 1641, the property of Colonel Fearon Tipping; in this specimen, which is distinctly similar to that shown in Fig. 3 (a cake basket by Peter Archambo, dated 1730, and sold with the Warrington plate at Christie's last year), the wickerwork origin can easily be traced. The 1730 example, indeed, shows a lower standard of workmanship, all things considered, than the earlier one which predates it by almost a century. The fact is that cake and fruit baskets seem to have been forgotten during the Civil Wars and only to have been remembered in 1730; so that the makers again drew their inspiration straight from wickerwork, for it is unlikely that any old piece of the earlier design influenced them.

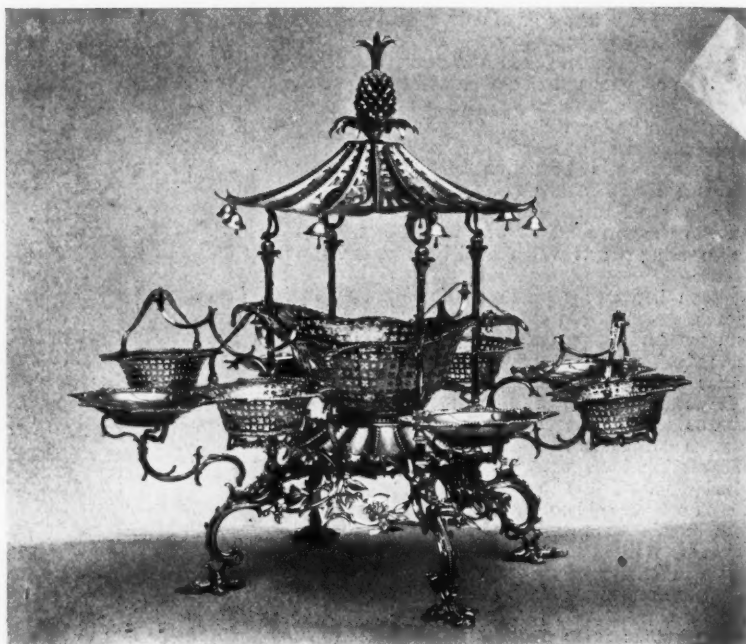
Most of the cake baskets designed round about 1730—and they are rare before that date—have small handles at each end. The Warrington specimen, however, is an early example of the arch-handled type which was to become the most common. Not only was this kind of handle more graceful, but it was more convenient to use when the basket was weighted down with fruit or cakes. This example may be taken to have been something of an exception, for the companion baskets made in the following year by Archambo have end handles, as does a fine example made by Paul Lamerie in 1731 for Sir Robert Walpole.

By 1733, however, a single arched handle had been devised, though of an unusual and early type (Fig. 5), having an air of Queen Anne solidarity. But it was not hinged. This basket, by Edward Vincent, and the other in the same illustration, dated 1734, by Paul Lamerie, are the property of Mr. Colquitt Craven of Weare Gifford, Devon. In the latter, which is very similar to the Walpole basket mentioned above, only with the addition of a single handle, hinges have been incorporated in the design, but the wickerwork pattern persists—very charmingly. In neither case have feet or legs yet made their appearance.

During the ten years, 1730–40, enormous progress was made in the design of fruit baskets as is shown in Fig. 4, Lord Swaythling's specimen in the Victoria and



1a.—CAKE BASKET, 1752, BY EDWARD ALDRICH; b BY KER AND DEMSTER EDINBURGH, 1754. (MESSRS. WILLSON.)



2.—ÉPERGNE, 1759, MAKER'S MARK T.P.
The property of Messrs. Spink. Height 23½ins; weight 201ozs, 10dwt.



3.—CAKE BASKET, 1730, BY PETER ARCHAMBO.
Weight 62ozs. Formerly in the Warrington Collection.



4.—THE PROPERTY OF LORD SWAYTHLING.
By Paul Lamerie, 1742.



5.—AT WEARE GIFFORD, DEVON.



6.—THE PROPERTY OF MESSRS. WILLSON.
By Paul Lamerie, 1750.

Albert Museum. This is dated 1742 and proceeded from the hand of Paul Lamerie. Both in this and the example shown in Fig. 6, the property of Messrs. Willson, from the same maker, but dated 1750, the piercing of the sides is admirable, as is the *appliqué* work upon the rim. Inferior examples at about the latter date were becoming common, in which the piercing was rough and perfunctory, the pattern having to rely on the chasing and engraving. In both these pieces, however, the piercing and the engraving are complementary. Very typical of Lamerie are the applied masks on the rim, in the earlier piece taking the form of deers' heads, women's faces, trophies of game and fruit, in the later one of lions, *amorini* and flowers. The handles, in each case, are practically similar, being scrolled and voluted, a caryatid forming the principal feature of the design.

A simpler specimen, made by Edward Aldrich in 1752, is shown in Fig. 1a, in which the piercing forms alone the decoration of the basket. The legs, too, which in the Lamerie specimens were little more than feet, have grown, adding to the grace, and lessening the similarity to the baseless original from which, as we have explained, they all are derived.

In the provinces, as always, the older tradition still prevailed. Fig. 1b illustrates a basket made by Ker and Demster in 1754 at Edinburgh, in which the diagonal strapping of wickerwork is yet reproduced, together with a wicker-like design on the handle.

Soon after this the fruit or cake basket was found insufficient both for the amount of food with which it was desired to fill it and for the decorative importance which its position in the centre of the table required of it. The *épergne* was accordingly the result. During the middle of the eighteenth century the Chinese taste for a while was the vogue. Chippendale's work at Nostell Priory and for the Duke of Buccleuch is well known, and the influence of the fashion was naturally felt by silversmiths.

The result was the magnificent pagoda *épergne*, the property of Messrs. Spink, which is illustrated in Fig. 2. It bears the date letter for 1759 and the maker's mark "T.P.," which is hitherto unidentified. Sir C. J. Jackson, in "English Goldsmiths and their Marks," notes it as being found on an *épergne* dated 1770, the property of Mr. W. Boore. In his other volume he also illustrates an *épergne* very similar to Messrs. Spink's specimen, but dated three years later—1762. This latter example, though not so high as the one illustrated (22ins. as opposed to 23½ins.), yet has an additional storey, or canopy, above the pineapple, supported on similar uprights. It is almost certainly by the same maker, although there are only four arms bearing salvers, the hanging baskets being absent. The exquisite modelling of the body and legs, the form of the boat-shaped central basket and the pagoda-like canopy tipped with bells are, however, in each case the same. This is a most notable piece of plate, not only for its *chinoiserie*, but for the earliness of its date as an *épergne*. The following couple of decades produced many fine specimens of this article in the various tastes that succeeded one another; the classical phase, associated with the names of the Adam brothers, was especially well suited to this class of object; moreover, it gradually superseded the cake or fruit basket, and we find late *épergnes* of the heavy and somewhat Bacchic design that characterised the Regency and the early nineteenth century, but baskets of that era are almost unknown.

EY.

SHOOTING NOTES

By MAX BAKER.

THE SHOOTING ON THE HAREWOOD ESTATE.

THOSE who especially interest themselves in shooting are naturally alert to detect any special leanings in that direction among the growing generation of the Royal family, and even to canvass the predilections of one who enters that circle by marriage. Though Viscount Lascelles has gained his reputation as a sportsman in hunting and racing, he has, like all members of his class, enjoyed shooting among the other of his recreations. During his father's occupation of the estate the covert shooting in the park was never very extensively developed, but there is some fine ground and several places where pheasants fly very high. Before the war the Earl of Harewood reared on a moderate scale, the ordinary output being in the region of one or two thousand birds; but nothing has been done since the time when all such effort was arrested. The country outside the park has always been too highly stocked with foxes to permit the partridge shooting to be simultaneously developed. But in spite of the favour bestowed on hunting, one of the outside portions of the estate called Plompton, which is near Knaresborough, is so genial

haphazard gun having rather too long a stock. This tends to throw the butt on to the muscle of the arm while giving the gun too much direction across the chest in place of the more desirable forward line of aim. So far, at least, as the Prince of Wales is concerned, he is understood to have provided himself last year with a set of properly fitted guns and to have availed himself, in company with the Duke of York, of the opportunities for practice available at Sandringham. Thus, like all British sportsmen, the Prince of Wales, while favouring one department of exercise more than any other—in his case horsemanship—follows the accustomed tendency to do a bit of everything. King Edward, whose skill with the gun was so impressive to onlookers, could by no means be numbered among the exclusive specialists, for both his disposition and versatility led him to sample every delight which sport can offer. But his reputation, like that of King George, stands on his shooting, because more than anything else it depends on personal accomplishment. During the halcyon days of big shooting I remember asking who among the regular members of the Sandringham shooting parties could be considered the finest shot, but my informant was unable to make

up his mind as between our present King and the Hon. H. Stonor, for the points gained by the former for brilliance were just about balanced by those accredited to his rival for consistency. This was in the days when King Edward was more or less *lors de concours*, contenting himself with occasional shots at birds offering a particularly fascinating mark.

WILDFOWLING IN THE FENS.

Mr. S. Jepson of Spalding writes: "As a result of the severe weather there has been a great influx of wildfowl in the Fen country, with the result that many wildfowlers have been out on the flood waters in their boats and some good bags have been secured. Wild swan, wild ducks, geese, widgeon and teal, as well as plover have been among the birds shot and caught. My photograph shows the floods and some typical wildfowlers bringing in some of the spoil."

WHAT BIRD SPEED MEANS IN ALLOWANCES.

The arithmetic of allowances for aiming in front of flying objectives is really very simple. Starting off on the basis that forty miles per hour equals 60ft. per second, we get the rule that each ten miles in the former measure equals fifteen in the latter; therefore, that sixty miles per hour equals 90ft. per second. The 40yds. range is practically always covered by the charge of shot in the seventh of a second, so that the lead to give in front is, in the instance named, 13ft. nearly. The half-distance of 20yds. is covered in the seventeenth of a second, making the lead about 5ft. Thus for birds flying at 90 m.p.h. the forward allowance given by the shooter should vary according to distance from 5ft. to 17ft., success depending on making a sufficiently close estimate to bring the error within the margin afforded by the spread of the charge. Longer shots than at forty yards are seldom accomplished with very alert birds, because they undoubtedly gain intimation of the fact that they are being fired at in sufficient time to change their course and so escape impact with the oncoming charge. In this question of allowances there has been a radical change of outlook during the lifetime of living shooters. Curious as the fact may appear, forward allowance in the above liberal measures can be, and was regularly, given unconsciously. When instruments gave exact figures for the time of flight of a charge of shot shooting men began to see the allowance in sky space between muzzle and bird and to apply the theory so made available for improving their results. But even to-day there are degrees of allowance which appear excessive and which the senses refuse to sanction, the result being that fast-flying birds at full range are frequently missed, though well within the effective radius of weapon and cartridge. The difficulty is to teach the sub-conscious self what big allowances are sometimes necessary.



TWO YOUNG WILD-FOWLERS AND THEIR BAG.

in its conditions that, in spite of being equally well populated by foxes, it carries a good head of partridges, besides affording some excellent pheasant shooting in a series of small coverts situated at intervals of about a quarter-mile. The main estate, north of the Wharfe, is almost entirely grass, being poor land with small farms, so that, while ranking as nice hunting country, it offers no shooting possibilities beyond hare drives, for hares are very plentiful in this area. The south side, on which Harewood itself stands, is mixed arable and grass; consequently it offers better opportunities for partridges; though, as might be expected from the conditions above noted, a bag of forty brace is about the average for a party of four or five guns.

SOME SHOOTERS IN THE ROYAL CIRCLE

In the course of his Indian visit the Prince of Wales has participated in tiger shooting on the lines with which the writings of such men as Sir Samuel Baker and Major-General Rice have made those of us familiar who have not enjoyed the experience first hand. Shortly before his departure His Royal Highness and the Duke of York took up seriously the study of game shooting, this department of their education having perforce been neglected during the period when more serious business was afoot. Both of them are keen and possess all the qualities of eyesight and general alertness which form the important basis of skill with the gun. As with nearly all young men of Public School and 'Varsity associations, their initial tendency is to mount the shot-gun rather too much in the musketry style, a tendency which, in their case, may have been accentuated by borrowing from the family armoury some